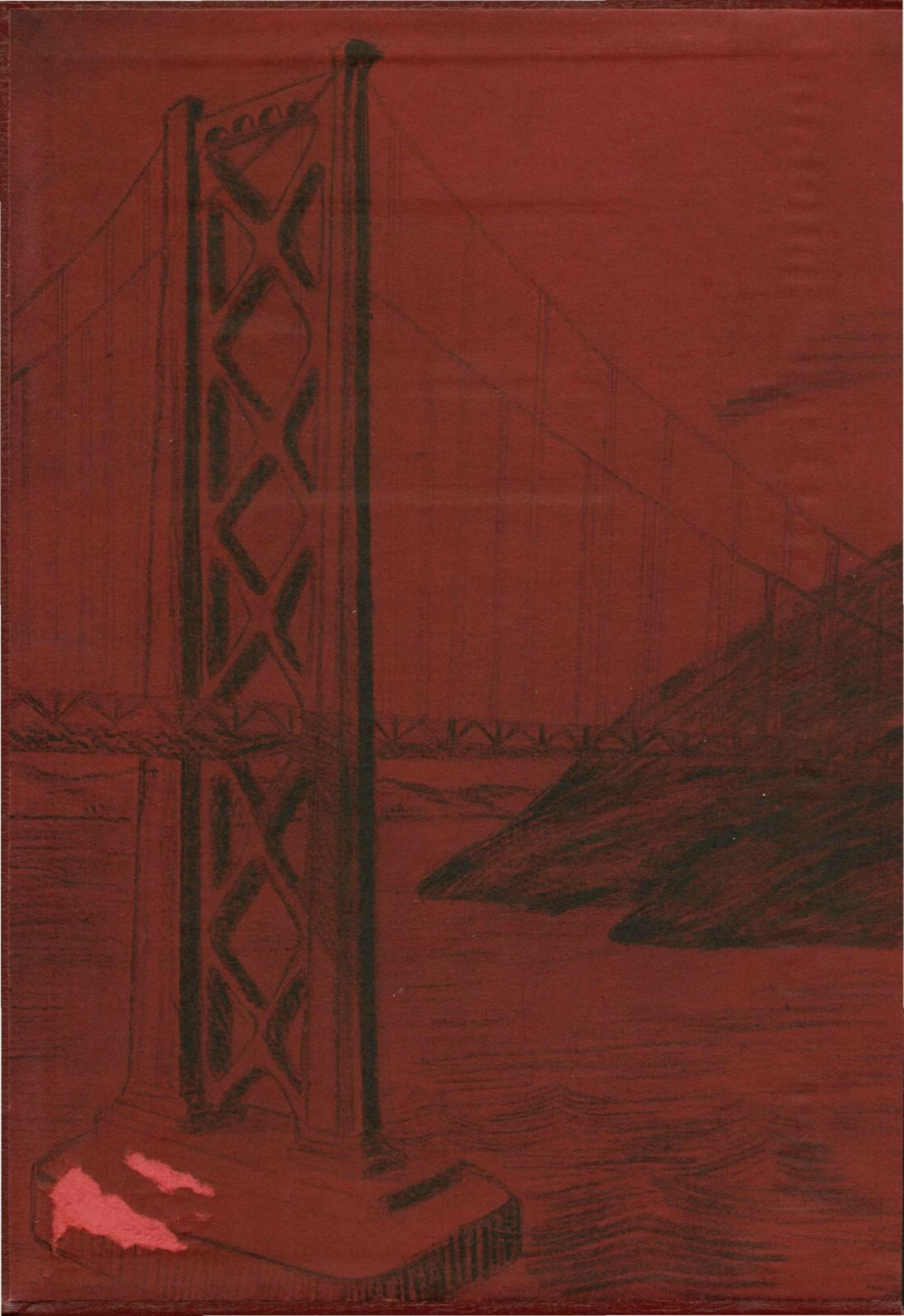
গাঁয়ে-গাঁয়ে সংস্কৃতিসাধন

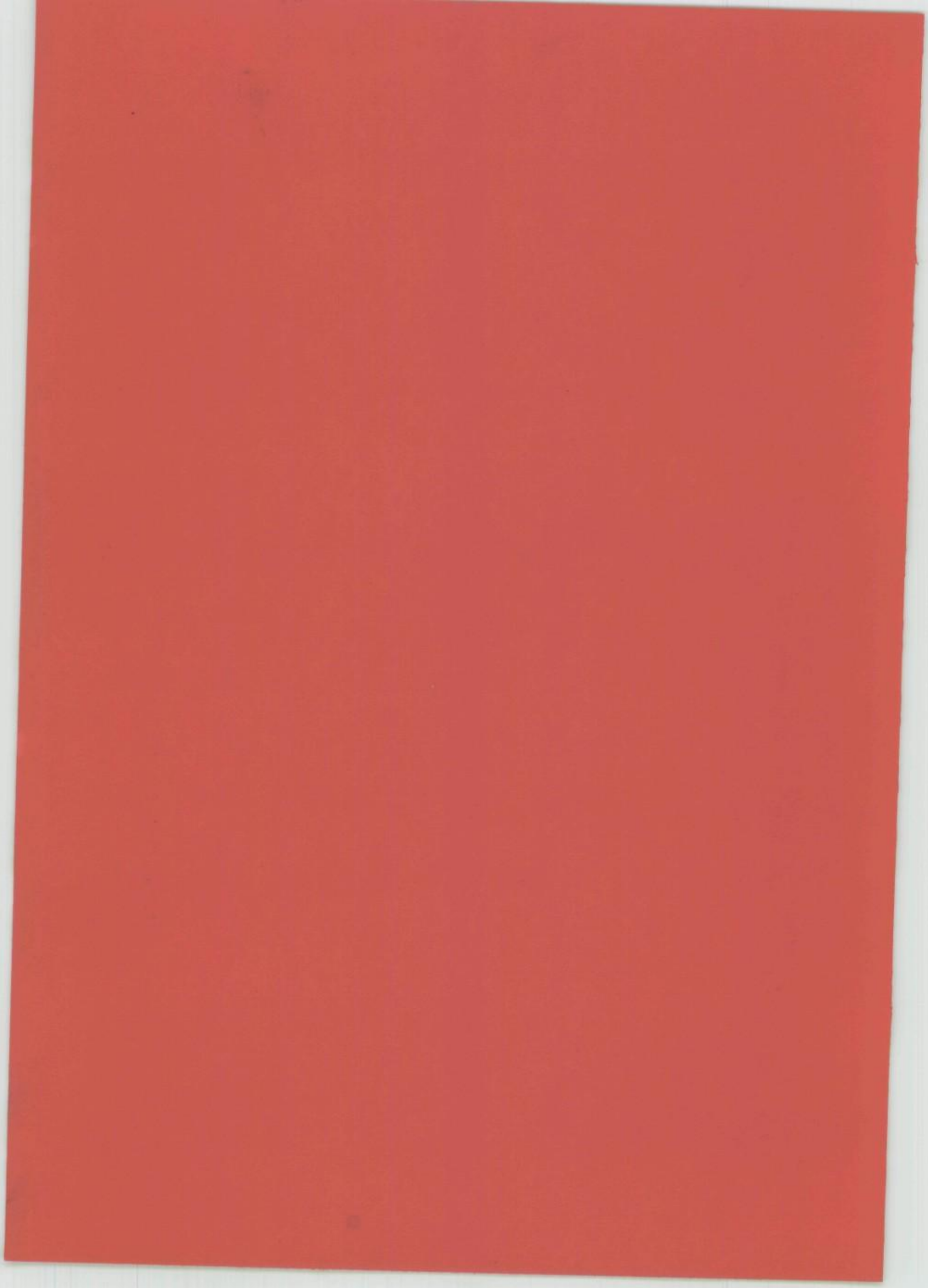


THE BAY BRIDGE

A feat that rivals those of yore
Has been achieved today—
A bridge that spans from shore to shore
The San Francisco Bay.
Huge cables hold the spans in place,
Support the structure great;
While concrete caissons form its base
And bear its giant weight.
Of steel and rock its towers are made;
Their height intrigues the eye.
Beneath it, gliding calm and staid,
The ferry boats pass by.
The lower deck for trucks and trains
Is lighted well at night,
And cars speed o'er its six wide lanes
Above at lofty height.
The guardian island standing there
Is widely tunneled through.
And faith and skill and vision rare
Have made this dream come true.

Frances Andrews
Fair Oaks
California

R-1-Bridge



The
BAY BRIDGE
ISSUE OF

GREENBACK NOTES
1936

MURIEL MADDOCKS
. . . . . Editor
CHARLOTTE HOLSINGER
Business Manager

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF
SAN JUAN UNION
HIGH SCHOOL
1 9 3 6
FAIR OAKS . . . . .
CALIFORNIA

Our Bridge of Knowledge

DEDICATION

THE San Francisco - Oakland Bay Bridge! What a triumph to the engineer, what a boon to mankind! We are indeed fortunate to be entering the portals of young manhood and womanhood over this bridge of modern achievement. Let us see in this fulfilled ideal a vision of our own youth fulfilled; let it be a symbol of our own stumblings along the paths of higher education consummated at last in a glorious bridge of knowledge spanning a sea of ignorance. We, the Senior Class of San Juan Union High School, dedicate this issue of "Greenback Notes" to the bridge-builders of life; to our splendid faculty; and to our worthy advisor, Josephine A. V. Baratini. As the builders of the Bay Bridge have conceived this dream of the century, have joined the East and the West —so let us achieve. Let us not be satisfied with the mediocre; let us strive for greatness; let us be bridge builders!

Muriel Maddocks,
Editor of "Greenback Notes", '36

FOREWORD

"GREENBACK NOTES" '35 was characterized by the Spirit of Recovery; this last year our progress has been steady and upward, and today we are enjoying an Age of Achievement in the Realm of Construction. The grammar school carries us through the first "catwalk" stage of the "Bridge of Life". The high school represents the spans that next swing into place from the cables. Our future education, then, is the completed highway that carries us on to our ultimate goal. This year marks the completion of the longest bridge in the world, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. It spans the San Francisco Bay between these sister cities and joins them by bonds of concrete and steel. We feel very proud to publish our "Greenback Notes" at this auspicious time. Let this yearbook be the symbol of the bond between all students of San Juan—past, present, and future—as the bridge is the bond between the bay region and the rest of the world. As a blueprint is necessary to the engineer on the bridge, so is the publication of the activities of the year an asset to the school. We, the staff, are the engineers; "Greenback Notes" is our blueprint.

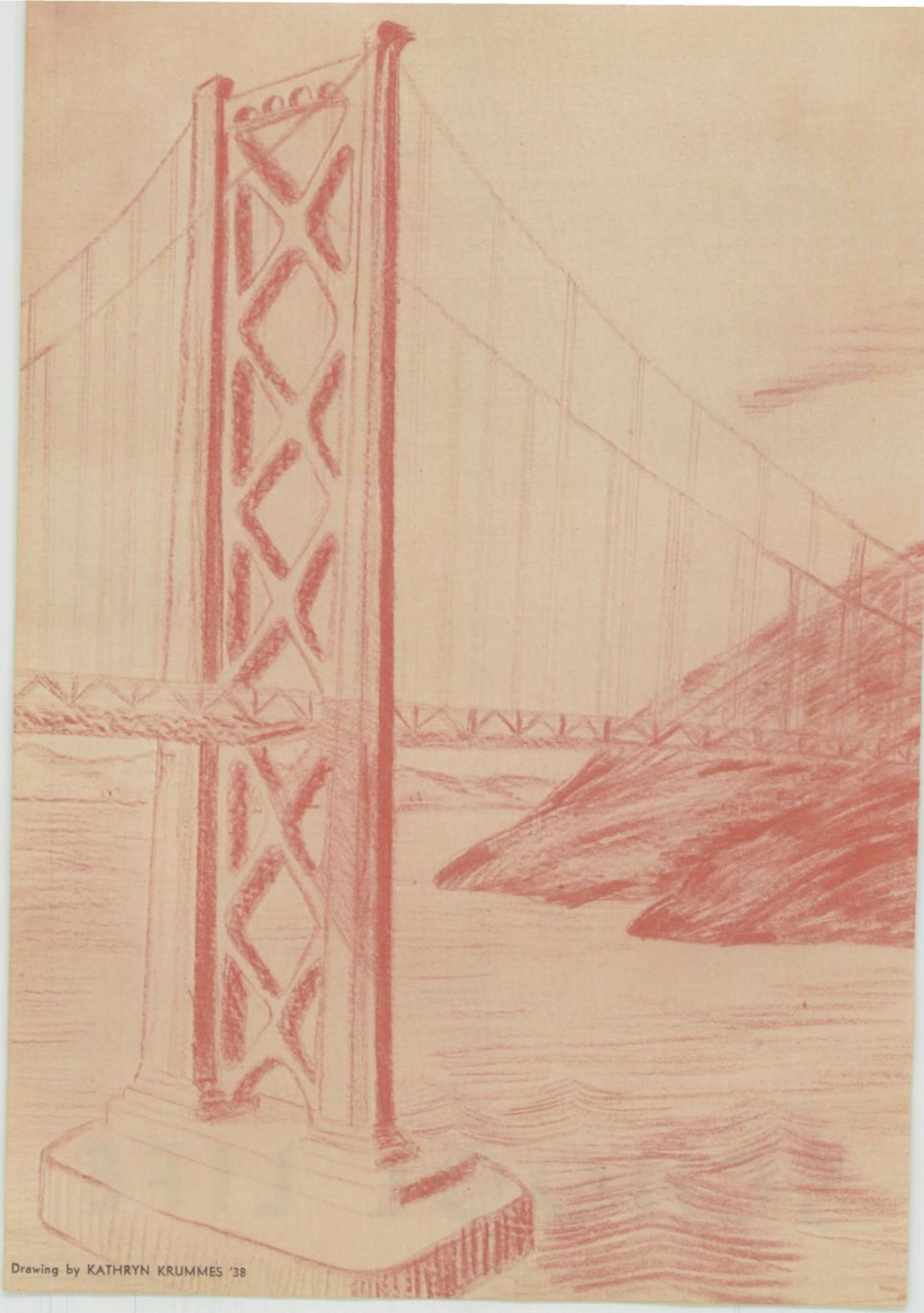
Muriel Maddocks, Editor

CONTENTS

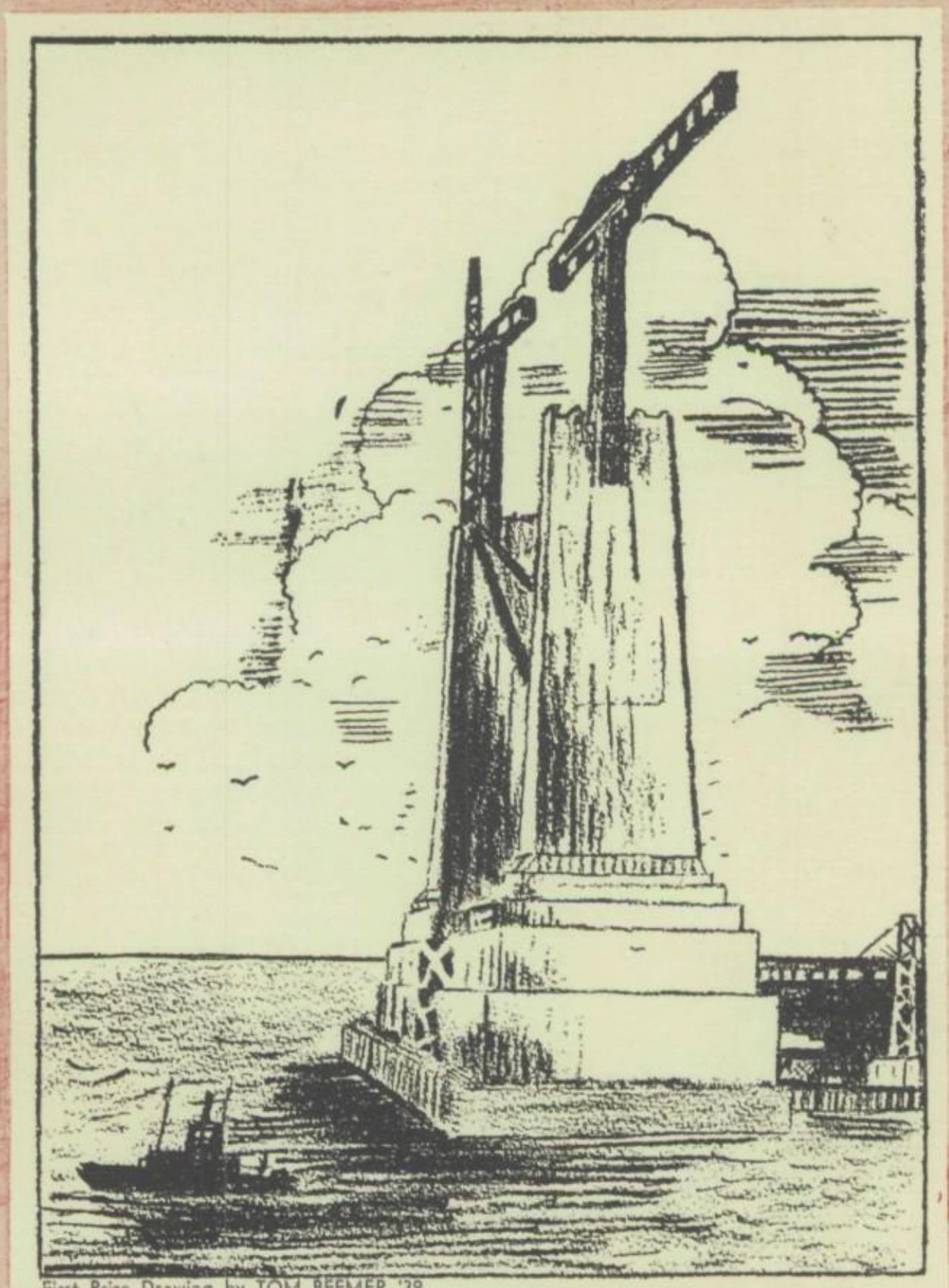
SCHOOL LIFE •
ATHLETICS •
CLASSES •
FEATURES •

What painstaking activity, what risks accompanied the laying of the substructure of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge—the greatest under-water engineering job ever undertaken! Eighteen months of dangerous work, the loss of twelve gallant lives are written into the history of this bridge's fifty-one piers. These "invisible skyscrapers" are forgotten entirely when we view the lofty towers proudly rearing their heads heavenward, unmindful of the mighty piers on which they rest. So it is with many of the activities of our school life. They do not appear on our report cards, they are not recorded on our grade transcripts for college, yet they play an all important part in laying the foundation of our success as future leaders in our country. Our teachers, the "engineers" who supervise the varied worthwhile activities of our clubs and who coach us in our dramatic and musical productions, realize only too truly how necessary this part of our school life is to our successful careers as useful citizens. Let not those who view us only from without our portals be unmindful of it!

SCHOOL LIFE



Drawing by KATHRYN KRUMMES '38



First Prize Drawing by TOM BEEMER '39

Principal and Interest . . . . . .

Top row: 1. *Miss Stephenson* of the Com. Dept. smiles as *Mr. Nixon*, (standing), Shop and Farm Mech., tells *Mr. Armstrong*, Counselor and Head of Math. Dept., about a fine camping spot. 2. *Miss Hench* (left), Dean of Girls, English, turns over some stories to our worthy editor. 3. We wonder what scientific feat *Mr. Snyder* (seated), Chem., Physics, Geology, is explaining to *Mr. Clover* (center), Biology, Gen. Science, Physiology, and *Mr. Hall*, Agric., Math. Center row: 1. "Put it there!" says *Coach Paine* to *Miss Lattin*, Gilrs' Phys. Ed. 2. *Mr. Price*, Dean of Boys and Head Agriculturist, smiles as he thinks of all the ribbons his boys have won. 3. Yes, our *Principal* himself, *Mr. Johns*, the center of his *interesting* faculty. 4 He's at it again! *Mr. Mooney*, Vice Principal, Registrar, Head of Hist. and Econ. Depts., happily counts an addition to our student funds. 5. *Mrs. Baratini* deserted her English and Latin Depts. on sick leave, but she couldn't abandon "Greenback Notes." Bottom row: 1. What do you suppose *Miss Berckhan* (center), Home Econ., has found interesting enough to entice *Miss Orelli* from her Arts and Crafts and *Mr. Hogin* from his Music? 2. Just what bit of gossip is *Mr. Lawrence*, Journ., Printing, Econ., trying to elicit from *Miss Spiers* (center), Spanish, Math., and *Mrs. Fishback*, Latin? 3. In her Drama and Oral Expression room, *Miss Charter* (left) relaxes as she discusses "Captain Applejack" with *Miss Imes* (on desk), Eng., Oral Exp., and *Miss Brockway*, English.

Juan Day . . . . . .

SEPTEMBER

6-7 We register, and find four new (*young*, too) teachers here with us.

10 School opens with the largest Freshman class on record.

11 Two new V-8 busses. Are they classy!!

12 Mr. Armstrong's desk surrounded by bewildered Freshmen. We don't know whom to pity.

13 Hey, Freshman! Pick up that paper! They beat the Sophomores in the Scamper, though, didn't they?

16 Coach is going after football in a big way. Nobody killed yet, however.

17 Most of the Freshies are beginning tc "catch on" to what it's all about.

18 "No, I don't want a Student Body card. I'm selling them, too. You want one?"

20 The Freshmen show their talents at the anual Reception.

OCTOBER

1 No, Mr. Snyder isn't hitch-hiking. He lives just across the street.

2 The new clubs are going over big.

5 There they are! Joyce and Violet. Just like old times.

7 The staff gets out the first edition of the *Spartan*.

8 Howard G. decides it's about time to start to school.

9 Who filled Cortell's oxygen bottles with hydrogen in Chem?? He vows vengeance.

14 Much campaigning for the "Greenback Notes" program ticket contest. Come on, Freshies!!!

16 *The* Mr. Sertich, as "Star Spartan Reporter", tries to get a story on Prochaska's hectic leap over Joyce Behncke's car.

21 Dr. Roth's A Cappella Choir furnishes real entertainment in assembly.

25 Pumpkins and corn stalks are featured at the annual Sophomore Hop.

At a Time . . . . . .

NOVEMBER

1 James Seymour devoured seven milk shakes at the Chico Press Convention. He saw "The Milky Way" the night before.

7 Poor Barney! He's getting *so* tired of copying pages for Mr. Snyder.

22 The "Greenback Notes" program was a big success. The Freshies show up the rest of us in salesmanship

23 Institute and Thanksgiving. A whole week's vacation. Aha!

DECEMBER

2 Back to the daily grind again. But it's not so bad, is it?

13 Christmas, O, Christmas! It comes but twice a year—once at the Junior Prom and once on the 25th.

16 Scotty Allan greets us direct from the Frozen North, dogs and all. What a thrill!

17 Order in the court! Order in the court! The Freshman assembly is a well presented court scene.

20 Another vacation. This time for two weeks. Merry Christmas.

JANUARY

10 The boys "bring home the bacon" from Folsom. The "A" team is still undefeated.

13 The singing traffic cop drives home a safety talk. Wish they'd always sing.

14 "And if I am elected to this office, I—." Just another campaign promise!

20 Mrs. Baratini leaves school for a much needed rest. We'll miss her very much.

21 Two bus loads of San Juanites hear Admiral Byrd's lecture.

27 Bill Schultz gets his first B (or second) and is carried out in a faint.

FEBRUARY

3 We enjoy a fine talk by Mr. G. B. Hjelm, Assistant U. S. Attorney.

10 Mr. Hogin is a proud father. Congratulations!

Juan Day . . . . . .

12 The boys' gym classes say San Juan *has* a swimming pool. Here's mud in your eye!

13 If the odors that arise from the lab. have anything to do with it, Chemistry must be fun.

14 Who sent Mr. Mooney that beautiful (?) valentine?? That's what he wants to know.

17 Another Annual Staff Program. Yo' sho' aint got no use fo' men, has yo', Jeanne?

21 Willie Osterli is the "life" of the Hard Times Party. And the dignified (?) Mr. Mooney, King Hobo!! Just look at the pictures above!

24 Did Mr. Armstrong attend 3 grand operas in a row to forget logarithms or because he really loves "highbrow" music?

26 Charlie gives us a few extra fancy contortions as he "unfolds" at the League Championship Game rally.

27 Eight S. J. students pay a nocturnal visit to William Land Zoo. Tsk! Tsk!

28 Hi Jinx Party of the Girls' League. Sorry, boys, you're not invited.

MARCH

2 Paul Blunk leads the Juniors to a crushing defeat at the hands of the mighty Seniors.

9 Capt. Jones reappears to the school. He can find money in your pocket, even if you can't.

11 What rooting!! Girls' Block S. J. vs. Women Faculty. What a game! What a game!

12 The Sophomores present "Weenies on Wednesday" on Thursday!

13 Did you Juniors expect us to be lucky at your card party on Friday, the 13th?

17 St. Patrick's Day—but no Mrs. Baratini. Mr. Johns, though, sports a green necktie.

19 Commercial Department visits Grant Union to see the world's champion typist. What speed!

24 Biology classes inspect Smith's Bird Farm. Did you show your rock collection, Bob?

At a Time . . . . . .

25 Wally Epling gets two straight A's in Chem.—the ninth wonder of the world!

APRIL

1 Girls' Block S. J. "banquets" the women teachers—and it was no "April Fool", either.

17 Girls, here's your chance—Juniors' Leap Year Dance!

18 Big Day—C. S. F. goes to Sebastopol; F. F. A., Band, and Track Team to Davis. Band wins first honors.

24 We are big brothers and sisters to grammar school kiddies on Annual Play Day.

25 Where's the sugar and cream?—Yes, tonight's the Berry Feed.

28 Now, we "show off" a bit to the whole community on Education Night.

MAY

1 May Day brings us the long awaited Junior-Senior Banquet.

8 Page Major Bowes! He should see the talent on the Student Council Amateur Program.

9 Band goes to the contest in S. F. Good luck to you in your snappy new uniforms.

21 Pirates! Treasure! Juniors present "Captain Applejack."

23 Why all the knapsacks and sleeping bags? Aha! Seniors are trekking off to Dillons' Beach.

25 The Day of Days! "Greenback Notes" '36 has arrived at last!—"Please sign my annual?"

31 The Seniors appear sanctimonious for once—it's the eve of their Baccalaureate Service.

JUNE

1 Only one more day! Poor Seniors don't know whether to weep or laugh.

2 Our *bridge* has been crossed. Goodbye, dear old San Juan.

Shield Bearers . . . . . .

THE STUDENT BODY officers for the first semester were: *Kenneth Skidmore,* President; *Willis Osterli,* Vice President; *Esther Lohse,* Secretary; *Charlotte Holsinger,* Commissioner of Finance; *Bill Vance,* Commissioner of Entertainment; *Nina Jean Maloney,* Reporter; *Bobby Raymond,* Advertiser, who capably laid the foundation of a strong bridge of student activity. The first matter taken to heart was, of course, a vigorous campaign for the sale of Student Body cards. Next was the San Juan-Placerville Armistice Day Football Game. This was backed by the Student Body as a whole and was a great success in every way. At this game, too, our band made its first appearance of note, marching down the field and cheering the Spartans on to victory. This year, also, an amendment to the Constitution was made to the effect that the distinctive Spartan emblem should be used on all school jewelry. It was at the urgent suggestion of the Student Body, too, that the school band finally procured its colorful uniforms. When the mid-year election was held in January, the following officers were elected: *Willis Osterli,* President; *Bill Vance,* Vice President; *Beatrice Johns,* Secretary; *Charlotte Holsinger,* Commissioner of Finance; *Phoebe Howard,* Commissioner of Entertainment; *John Sertich,* Reporter; *Jeanne Stark,* Advertiser.

Hi I Q's . . . . . .

JUST as another great accomplishment has been added to the world, so have more and more members been added to our C. S. F. Chapter. Thirty-seven members in all make this year's enrollment the largest in the history in San Juan. On November 2, six of our members, accompanied by Mr. Mooney, attended a convention at Stockton. After a very successful hour of discussion by the chapters present, we were the guests of the Stockton Chapter at a banquet. Following the banquet, we visited the Port of Stockton and had the good fortune to be shown through one of the large ships of the Luckenbach Line. On April 18, the members attended another convention at Sebastopol. After many weeks of anxious waiting, the big day finally arrived—April 23, the day of the annual C. S. F. Banquet. The food was grand, but, oh, the next day! *Joyce Ward,* who has been one of our most outstanding members during her four years of high school, will be valedictorian for the Class of 1936. *Barbara Pefley* and *Ariel Peugh,* equal in scholastic standing, will be the salutatorians. The officers of this year were: *Barbara Pefly,* President; *Violet Havermann,* Vice President; *Annie Mai Corbitt,,* Secretary-Treasurer. The San Juan Scholarship Loan will be sponsored this year again by the Honor Scholarship Society, its contribution made possible by the sale of candy in the hall at noon. The Scholarship Loan of two hundred dollars, presented to a member of the Senior Class on graduation night, enables many graduates to continue their education.

GREENBACK NOTES STAFF

Muriel Maddocks
Editor

Barbara Pefley
Associate Editor

Charlotte Holsinger
Manager

Bill Vance
Assistant Mgr.

Mrs. J. A. V. Baratini
Advisor

SPARTAN STAFF

June Wright
Editor
First Semester

Nina Jean Maloney
Editor
Second Semester

"GREENBACK NOTES"

Art.....Hazel Fraser
Senior Section.....Marion Johnston, Laura Rettig
Alumni.....Annie Mai Corbitt
Drama.....Ray Haak
Music.....Ariel Peugh
Literature.....Joyce Ward
Girls' Athletics.....Jo Barrett, Dorothy Hard
Boys' Athletics—Basketball and Track, W. C Small; Football, Kennneth Skidmore; Baseball, Tommy Mapel.
Society.....Beatrice Johns
Calendar.....James Beemer, Betty Whitsell
Humor.....Kenneth Brown, June Wright
Snaps.....Laura Rettig, LaVerne Slight
Class Will.....Esther Lohse
Class Phophecy.....Phoebe Howard
Exchanges.....Dorothy Wilkin
Typists.....Violet Havermann, Dorothy Dickson

THE SPARTAN

First Semester
Assistant Editor.....Nina Jean Maloney
Sports.....Bill Marsh, Edna Stanfield
Society.....Vera Graham
Exchanges.....John Sertich
Feature.....Velma Ball
Business Managers.....Melvin Mathieson, Annie Mueller

Second Semester
Assistant Editor.....Mabel Bateman
Sports.....John Sertich, Charles Edgett
Society.....Marian Caskey
Exchanges.....Bob Williamson
Feature.....Velma Ball
Business Managers.....Robert Raymond, Annie Mueller
Makeup.....Raleigh Hulett

The Engineers . . . . . .

AS NO ONE would dream of building a bridge without a plan, so in building up a year-book it is equally necessary to map out a fixed course. This brings forth numerous interesting problems to the editor and staff, and each experience is another rivet in the structure. This is the thirteenth annual edition of "Greenback Notes"; it is a "lucky" edition. The number of publications has increased yearly, and we hope that this issue will be a banner one. Through the advertising section and through assessments on organizations, the yearbook has paid for itself. Our theme varies each year, not only to educate the subscribers on that particular subject but to give students in art and literature a chance to show their ability. In building a bridge, the engineer realizes that every part of its construction is work, but the pleasure lies in seeing its daily growth. We have shared this pleasure in creating our Bay Bridge issue of "Greenback Notes", and it is our hope that all future editors and co-workers of this publication will enjoy the same cooperation and creative joy.

The Cable Spinners . . . . . .

WHEN the *Spartan* first made its appearance four years ago, it was a mimeographed paper. For the past three years, however, it has been published in the school print shop which is now equipped with a linotype. During the first three years of its existence, there were weekly issues; now it is issued every ten days. Three years ago, the *Spartan* first sponsored the selection of "All League Teams" in baseball, basketball, and football. Continuing this selection, the staff finds that the various schools eagerly await the rewarding of certificates to the team members. Courtland expressed its enthusiasm for the "All League" selection by giving one page of the Courtland yearbook to the "All League Teams." Bill Marsh and Mable Bateman led the following *Spartan* delegates who attended the Northern California Press Convention at Chico in November: Jeanne Stark, Velma Ball, Annie Mueller, Marian Caskey, Evelyn Doll, and Gladys Brien. Mr. Lawrence, the advisor, was unanimously elected president of the association. In the classification of student printed high school papers, the *Spartan* rated second place. Those who became active Quill and Scroll members this year are: Annie Mueller, John Sertich, Velma Ball, Mabel Bateman, and Marian Caskey.

Birds of a Feather . . . . . .

SAN JUAN CHAPTER of the Quill and Scroll, International Honorary Society for High School Journalists, was created December 11, 1933, when the national headquarters granted a charter for the organization. The establishment of the local chapter came after our newspaper had been recognized as giving sufficient impetus to the work. The officers for this year are: *Nina Jean Maloney,* President; *Annie Mueller,* Vice President; *June Wright,* Secretary-Treasurer; *Mr. R. G. Lawrence*, Faculty Advisor. Charter members, taken into the organization in January, 1934, were: Elna Johnson, Virgil Findley, Ed Scotten, Neil Wilson, Arthur Logan, Bernice Lyons, and Edward Howard. The next group to come in were: Leland Baldwin, Ramona Nay, Hattie Holland, and June Wright. Nina Jean Maloney was admitted at the end of her Sophomore year. This year Bill Marsh, Mabel Bateman, Marian Caskey, Muriel Maddocks, John Sertich, Velma Ball, and Annie Mueller were admitted to membership. Several other members of the paper staff have been eligible in the past, but did not avail themselves of the opportunity to become members. Sponsoring the annual Press Banquet has been one of the big activities of the organization. This year the chapter is also conducting the spring regional convention of the Northern California High School Press Association. Last spring the officers visited Placer Union High School and instituted the Placer Chapter and initiated the members. The work was put on as a special assembly for the entire student body.

Spiermen . . . . . .

THE GIRLS' HI Y stands for all that is fine and worthwhile. Like a perfect bridge, it has been planned and builded on a firm foundation. It develops in its members strong characters, high ideals, and a desire to make themselves useful in the world. During the past year, the girls have been interested in many worthy projects. At Christmas time, they spent an enjoyable evening at the home of Alois Graves, wrapping candy for the San Juan Christmas Party. The purpose of this party is to provide boxes of clothes and toys for the needy families of the district. Although they have performed many deeds of service, the girls have sponsored several social events, also. They held a costume party during the month of October, at which all the new officers were present: *Gretchen Smith,* President; *Delilah Caldwell,* Vice President; *Nina Jean Maloney,* Secretary; *Tillie Hauptman,* Treasurer; *Betty Hixson,* Reporter; *Miss Ruth Spiers,* Sponsor. The Hi Y and the Jr. Red Cross sponsored a "Hard Times Day" in February when the entire school enjoyed a day of wholesome fun. In February, too, a dignified initiation ceremony was held. The high ideals of the club were stressed, making a deep impression on all present. Many of the members attended the Hi Y Convention at Richardson Springs where they had an opportunity to meet the girls from other schools and to discuss with them the problems of the day. The Hi Y is, indeed, a boon for the modern girl. Just as the Bay Bridge will facilitate our passage from one busy city to another, so the Hi Y aids its members as they pass from one period of life to another—from girlhood to womanhood.

Here Comes Cookie . . . . . .

THE girls of the San Juan Home Economics Club began laying plans eight years ago for the Bridge of Service over which the girls of today would tread. Each year improvements have been introduced and progress has been made. Last September, the members of the Home Economics Club met and organized to continue this work, with *Miss Berckhan* again our faithful sponsor. *Frances Anderson* was elected our Chief Engineer with several assistants to aid her: *Phyllis Johns,* Assistant Engineer; *Audria Wallner,* General Foreman; *June Fowler,* Foreman. When June moved away, *Jeanne Wortell* was selected to carry on her work. The largest span of our Bridge of Service was our annual Christmas Party, for the less fortunate families of this district. A basket with food, clothing, and toys was sent to each family. Since early fall our club had been making toys for the children and collecting clothes for these families. Our engineer had surveyors in each district locating the needy families and making plans for the contents of each basket. On December 20, baskets for sixteen families were put into the school bus and five members from each of the sponsoring clubs played Santa Claus. We constructed one more span at Easter time when we assisted the Hi Y, who sent baskets of eggs to the needy children. The remainder of the year was spent raising money to buy material to make curtains for the clothing room and the teachers' room. Although the Bay Bridge wil be finished by November, 1936, the Home Economics Club will strive to erect many more Spans of Service.

Nightingales . . . . . .

THE aims and purposes of the Junior Red Cross movement are to better fit high school students for worthy citizenship. It also increases friendliness and cooperation. In our local chapter, now in its third year, we have endeavored to bridge over our adolescent indifference by being ready to meet minor emergencies. We have been able, in a small way, to alleviate some heartaches and suffering, but not to the extent that we had hoped. Starting with nothing as assets, except a desire to serve, the club has collected money, food, and clothing each year. We have joined forces with the Home Economics Club and the Girls' Hi Y in distributing these collections, especially just before Christmas. Money has been raised in various ways, by a small but faithful group of workers, just as bridges are thrown across barriers to make travel easier. An annual "Food Dance" in early December, sponsored by this club, has become practically a tradition. This year the Red Cross, too, in conjunction with the Girls' Hi Y, sponsored a very successful Hard Times Day, ending in a dance. Funds from this are to be used by the Hi Y for their spring Conference, and by our group to defray a few liabilities. We are looking forward to even greater achievements in our future in the San Juan High School District. Our success in the past has been due to the efforts of our advisor, *Mr. R. G. Lawrence*, assisted this year by a group of active officers: *Bill Marsh*, President; *Leora Krause*, Vice President; and *Marian Caskey*, Secretary-Treasurer.

Aggies . . . . . .

IF we should peer across the golden grain, waving leisurely in the glowing sun, we would see our leader, staunch and true, as he gazes at the blue sky, the blossoming trees, and back again to the soil, which is his home. *Willis Osterli,* who also guides the destiny of the Student Body this semester, holds the reins of the F. F. A. His sturdy assistants are: *Tommy Mapel,* Vice President; *LaVerne Dillard,* Secretary; *Robert Williamson,* Treasurer; *Shirley Ross,* Reporter; *Mr. A. L. Price,* Sponsor. Last August, the San Juan Future Farmer judging teams journeyed to Stockton to participate in the San Joaquin County Fair. They emerged with high honors, carrying away two trophies and twenty-seven ribbons. Nine Future Farmers enlisted at Camp Lillard and judged at the State Fair. They returned with one hundred and fifty-three dollars. Thirteen hundred dollars worth of Script Books were sold by the San Juan Chapter, which netted one hundred and thirty dollars to our treasury. The San Juan Chapter was also one of the first in the State to have 100% paid up dues. Our candidate this year for State Future Farmer degrees is our president, *Willis Osterli.* We judged at Bains on March 28 and at Davis on April 18. Money collected from candy sales will enable our judging teams to take part in the contest at San Luis Obispo on May 6-8. By pruning under scorching sun and dreary skies, the Future Farmers will enjoy a four day vacation in Yosemite late in the spring quarter. The Berry Feed, bringing with it laughter, as well as a little work, will be held in May to entertain the 4H Clubs of the elementary school of the district.

Einsteins . . . . . .

IN someone's fertile mind this year at San Juan was conceived the idea of organizing a club for the advancement of interest in, knowledge of, and promotion of science. Thus the Science Club was organized early in the fall under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. E. E. Snyder. To promote this interest in science, we joined the Student Science Club of America, the head of which is Dr. Compton, head physicist of Northwestern University of Illinois. Another interesting accomplishment was the etching of the Science Club Emblem in glass. To advance knowledge in the subject, experiments were performed and talks were given on the two great divisions of science, the cosmosphere which treats of non-living things and the forces which operate them, and the biosphere which deals with living things and their environment. To promote science, we set the Bay Bridge, because of its colossal dimensions and the perfection of its structure, as a challenge and an ideal for students interested in science. By these three ideals—enthusiasm (or interest), knowledge, and progress—we hope that we have helped to facilitate the students' study and to make them better citizens, capable of using their science for the improvement of the scientific world in which we all live. The officers for 1935-36 were: *Val Lenz*, President; *Ida Mae Shumate*, Treasurer; *Marilyn Gilmore*, Secretary; *Mr. E. E. Snyder*, Sponsor.

ART CLUB

DANCE CLUB

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Smockers . . . . . .

THE purpose of the Art Club is to provide a connection with art activities for those students who have an interest in art but no drawing ability. The Club studied many painters and their works, and the progress of art from earlier times up to the present. The chief study was of French painters. The officers were: First Semester: *April Orsi,* President; *Allen Stonesifer;* Vice President; *Dorcas Rich,* Secretary; *Norman Hall,* Treasurer; Second Semester: *Kathryn Minster,* President; *Erla Noss,* Vice President; *April Orsi,* Secretary; *Norman Hall,* Treasurer; *Miss Orelli,* Sponsor.

Henchmen . . . . . .

DURING the club periods this year, forty girls and forty boys from the Freshman and Sophomore classes comprised the Dance Club. Many of the students learned to dance so quickly that they enjoyed every "step" at the Sophomore Hop, the Junior Prom, and the Senior Ball. Besides a consideration of the fox trot and the waltz, they discussed poise, correct posture in walking, standing, dancing, and general social etiquette. They believe that it is the right of every young person in high school to fill his place properly in his social life as well as in his academic and athletic pursuits. *Miss Margaret Hench* sponsors this club.

Account Ants . . . . . .

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB was founded this year to give the students a better idea of and interest in the progressive business world—with *Miss M. Stephenson,* Sponsor; *Annie Mueller,* President; *Mary Fraser,* Vice President; *Velma Ball,* Secretary. *Miss Stephenson* arranged for several demonstrations of various types of office equipment at some of our meetings. At these meetings we held open house and approximately sixty students attended. The remainder of our meetings were spent on reports and discussion of problems that are apt to confront students entering the business world.

THESPIANS

AERO CLUB

NATURE CLUB

AG. JUDGING CLUB

Emoters . . . . . .

THE following members of Troupe No. 289, National Thespian Honor Dramatic Society, have distinguished themselves in the art of acting: *John Sertich, Fred Edgett, Gretchen Smith, Jim Patterson, Beatrice Johns, Phoebe Howard, Nina Jean Maloney, Joyce Ward, Charles Bartells, Donald McKeown, Lowell Smiley, Wilma Rhinesmith, Virginia Poissant, Virginia, Phillippe, Dave Duncan, Bob Williamson.*

Wingsters . . . . . .

THIS is the first year a Model Airplane Club was organized at San Juan. The general idea of the Club is to create interest in aviation. All work was done at home, and some very fine models were entered for competition in our first contest this spring. The officers are: *Ray Haak,* President; *Leland Bolles,* Vice President; *Quentin Tomich,* Secretary-Treasurer; *Mr. G. P. Nixon,* Sponsor.

In the Clover . . . . . .

THE NATURE CLUB was organized this year to study Nature's great wonders. Most of the members have studied Biology or intend to do so. At Mr. Clover's suggestion, they collected specimens of animals, insects, and flowers to increase the Biology Department's supply of material. The officers are: *Donald McKeown,* President; *Robert Skidmore,* Vice President; *Margaret Holsinger,* Secretary; *Mr. Ross Clover,* Sponsor.

Ribbon Winners . . . . . .

THE aim of the Agriculture Judging Club is to develop, through its judging teams, the judgment of Future Farmer boys so they may be able to select animals, poultry, grains, seeds, and plants best suited for their uses on the farm. The officers are: *Willis Osterli,* President; *Cyril Homer,* Vice President; *Robert Davis,* Secretary; *Rucker Harrison,* Treasurer; and *Mr. G. H. Hall,* their Sponsor.

ORCHESTRA AND
OPERETTA CAST

A CAPPELLA CHOIR

BAND

Notables . . . . . .

AFTER a sturdy foundation of practice had been laid, the orchestral pier of our Bridge of Music was reared, as the San Juan Orchestra added zest and beauty to the "Greenback Notes" Program and to the Junior and Senior plays. Above the Music Festival floor of the bridge was raised its tower of instrumental soloists: *Ariel Peugh,* violin; *Shirley Ross,* cello; *Phyllis Croxen,* clarinet; *Margaret Holsinger,* flute; *John Prochaska,* trumpet. The orchestra played its part again when the cable was laid for the operetta, under the direction of Mr. Maddux Hogin and Miss Margaret Hench. The cable spinners of this operetta, "Ask the Professor," were: *Phoebe Howard,* Emily Lee; *Nina Jean Maloney,* Maryida O'Neal; *Charles Bartells,* Professor Will Breakeasy; *Marion Johnston,* John Ainsworthy; *Nadine Gallaher,* June Ainsworthy; *Verna Mae Johnson,* Polly; *Charles Van De Vort,* Red O'Neal; *James Beemer,* Johnnie Freshman; *Jeanne Stark,* 1st girl; *Gloria Lawrence,* 2nd girl; *Alice Duncan,* 3rd girl; *Delilah Caldwell,* Mrs. O'Neal; *Billie Barber* and *Billie Muns,* pages; a chorus of college girls and boys, teachers, and visitors.

In the meantime, farther out in the Bay of Audiences, had been laid another foundation of practice on which was built the lovely pier of the A Capella Choir. This pier was strengthened by many appearances at community affairs and on assembly programs at other schools, until it reached a graceful, inspiring tower on the Music Festival floor. The choir, too, played an important part in laying the cable for the operetta, for in this group are San Juan's best vocalists; so the leading cable spinners were chosen from its ranks.

Nearer the shore another sturdy pier was built, that of the San Juan Band which added pep and zip to our games both at home and on the other athletic fields and courts. This group reared a colorful pier on the Music Festival floor in their new red and white uniforms and through the stirring solos of *Phyllis Croxen,* clarinet, and *John Prochaska,* trumpet. Their tower, too, was topped with a beacon light of honor when they won first place in the band contest at Davis on April 18 and when they appeared on May 9 at the band contest in San Francisco.

Senior Play Cast

"Nothing but the Truth"

Junior Play Cast

"Captain Applejack"

SENIOR PLAY CAST

John Prochaska.....*Robert Bennett*
Frederick Edgett.....*E. M. Ralston*
Ray Haak.....*Dick Donnelly*
James Patterson.....*Bishop Doran*
John Sertich.....*Clarence Van Dusen*
Gretchen Smith.....*Gwendolyn Ralston*
Beatrice Johns.....*Mr. E. M. Ralston*
Norma Dickson.....*Ethel Clark*
Phyllis Norton.....*Mable Jackson*
Edna Stanfield.....*Sable Jackson*
Thelma McKeown.....*Martha*

JUNIOR PLAY CAST

Donald McKeown.....*Mr. Pengard*
Lowell Smiley.....*Ambrose*
Phoebe Howard.....*Mrs. Whatcombe*
Wilma Rhinesmith.....*Mrs. Pengard*
Rucker Harrison.....*Johnny Jason*
Vernon Cable.....*Dennet*
Virginia Poissant.....*Poppy*
Virginia Phillippe.....*Anna*
Dave Duncan.....*Borolsky*
Bob Williamson.....*Palmer*
Delilah Caldwell.....*Lush*

J. P. Fulkerson, Marilyn Gilmore, Leora Krause, Jeanne Wortell, Mabel Bateman, Evelyn Doll—*Pirates.*

Masquers . . . . . .

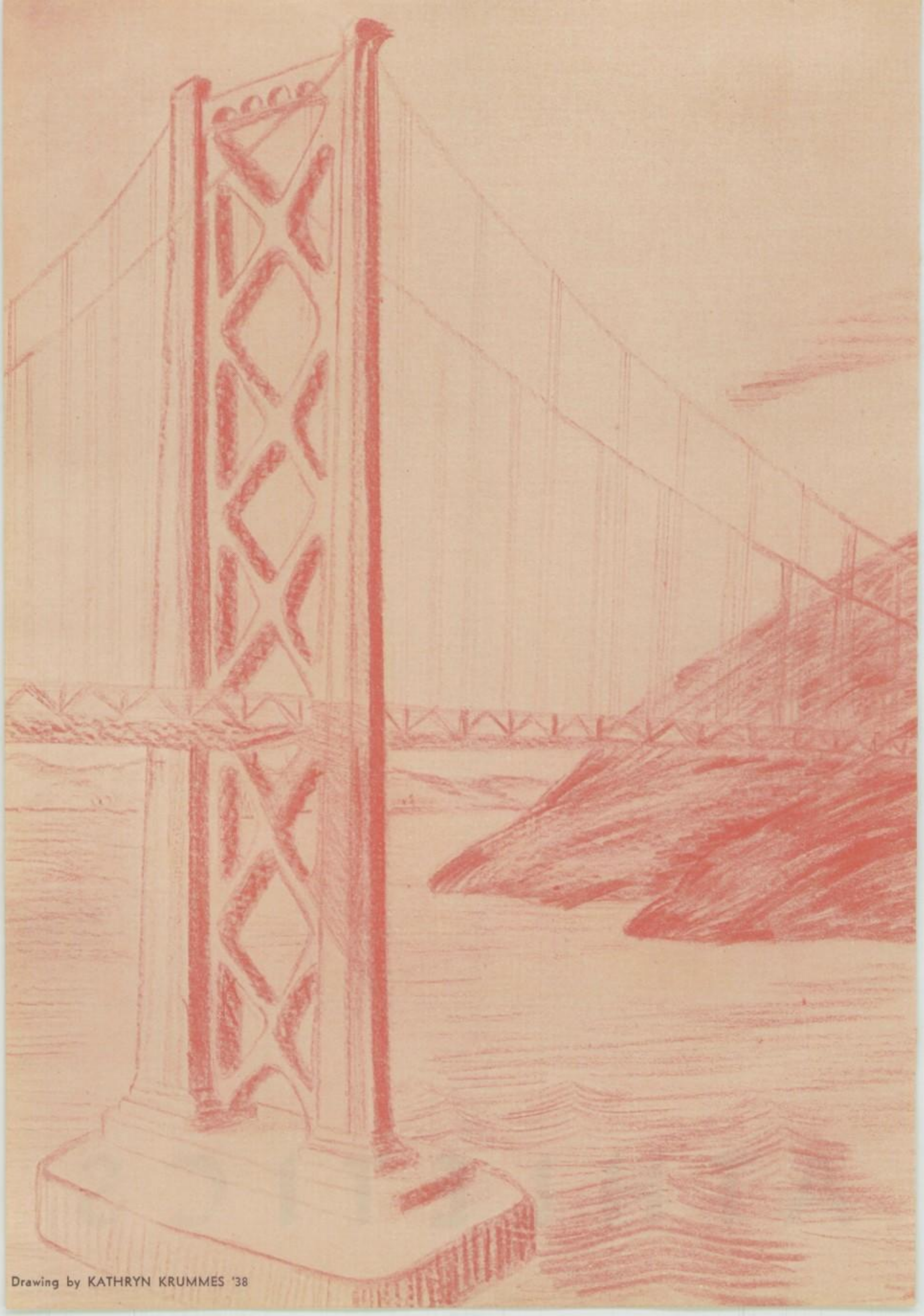
IF WE could build a bridge from the present day through the ages, one of its large pillars would be dramatics. Since the world began man has shown joy, sorrow, and religion through the medium of the drama. Drama plays an important part in every country of the world from the land of the Aurora Borealis to the dense, tropical African Jungle with its rhythmic throb of tom toms; from the days of ancient Rome with its many tragedies down to the present, with its scientifically constructed auditoriums and palatial theatres. Inspired, perhaps, by traditions of their ancestors the Freshman, Junior, and Senior classes gave three one-act plays on a program sponsored by "Greenback Notes", November 22. The Freshmen opened the program with a one-act play, "The Mouse Trap", with the following cast: *John Ireland, Renee Price, Doris Gallaher, Olga Gavrilko, Enid Bolles, Madge Call, Jeanne Dodge.* The Juniors came to the front next with the presentation of a one-act play, entitled "Stuffed Owls", dramatized by the following: *Eleanor Tomich, Ida Mae Shumate, Velma Ball, Vera Graham, Phoebe Howard, Wilma Rhinesmith.* The Seniors concluded the evening entertainment by giving the cleverly amusing fantasy, "Confetti", with the following players: *Kenneth Brown, Tommy Mapel, Joyce Ward, Beatrice Johns.*

The news is out! The house is packed! The stage is set! The curtain goes up on the Senior Play! The play is a comedy, "Nothing but the Truth", by James Montgomery, and is packed with laughs from beginning to end. We wonder, after seeing the characters through many predicaments, if it really pays to tell the truth. The leading parts are taken by *John Prochaska* and *Gretchen Smith,* assisted by an able cast of Seniors.

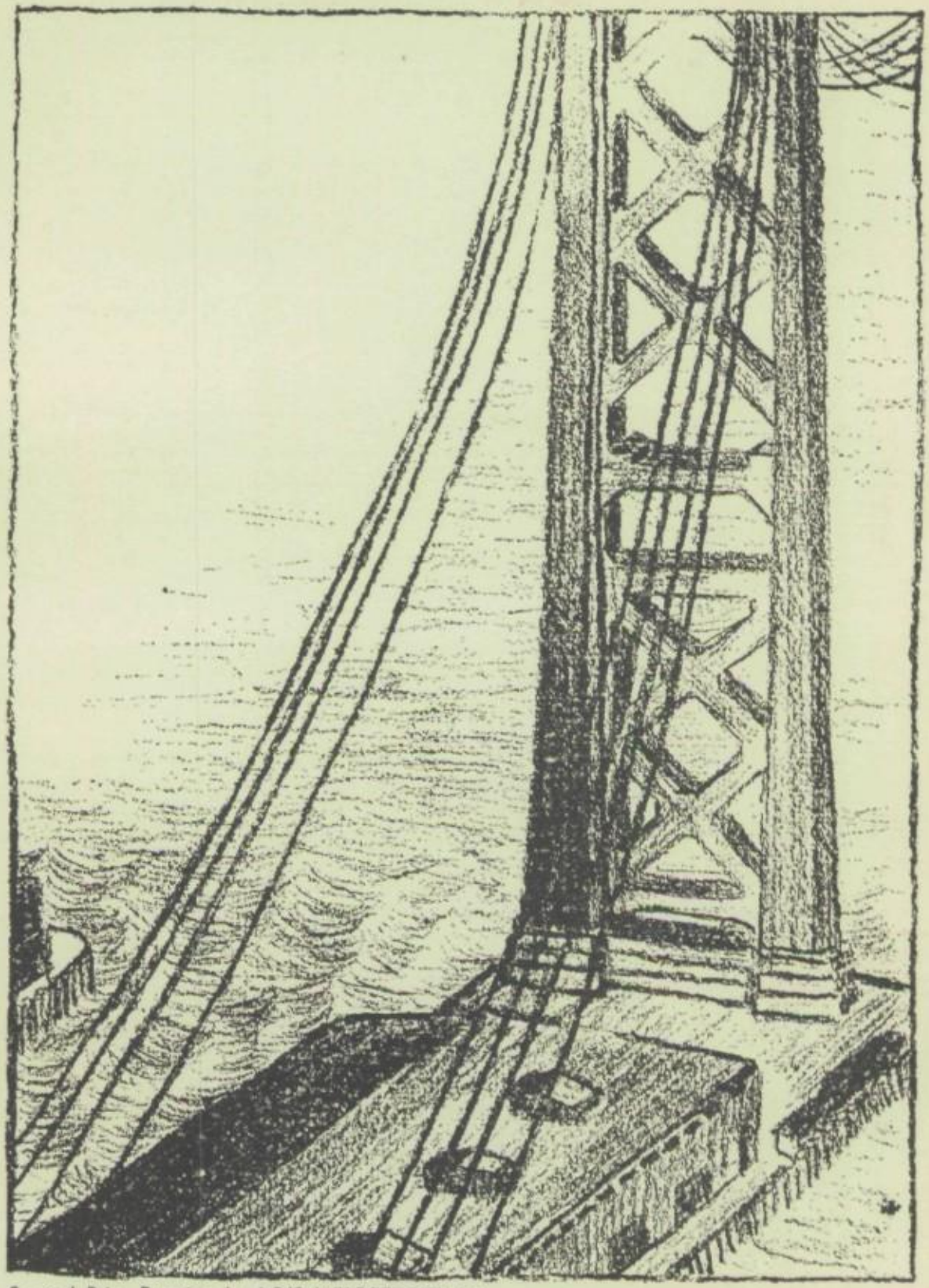
"Captain Applejack" was the play chosen by the Juniors in the Dramatics Class for their 1936 production. An Arabian Nights' Adventure in three acts, it offered something decidedly different from the usual Thespian choice. Walter Hackett's play had an ordinary enough beginning in the old Applejohn house in Cornwall, yet the Captain's long and thrilling search for romance brought him back to his own household and proved the old story that best joys are often found by one's own hearth.

How lofty, how massive are the towers over which are suspended the mighty cables of the Bay Bridge! These towers must be strong enough to hold up not only the cables, each of which weighs two thousand pounds to the foot, but also all the rest of the dead and alive loads which will hang from these cables, an additional seven thousand pounds to the linear foot of the spans. Five thousand tons of steel plates are riveted together with one hundred and ten thousand field rivets to give each tower the required load-carrying strength. What in our school curriculum will give us the "load-carrying" strength to bear the responsibilities which we must all one day assume, to surmount the obstacles which we must encounter in later life? Athletics — health - giving, strength - building sports—give us the strong, clean bodies and the indomitable spirits to fight the battles of life, to overcome all the difficulties which may tend to prevent our achieving our ultimate goal of success and happiness. Let us not look at this side of our school life too lightly; let us resolve to take serious advantage of its great benefits!

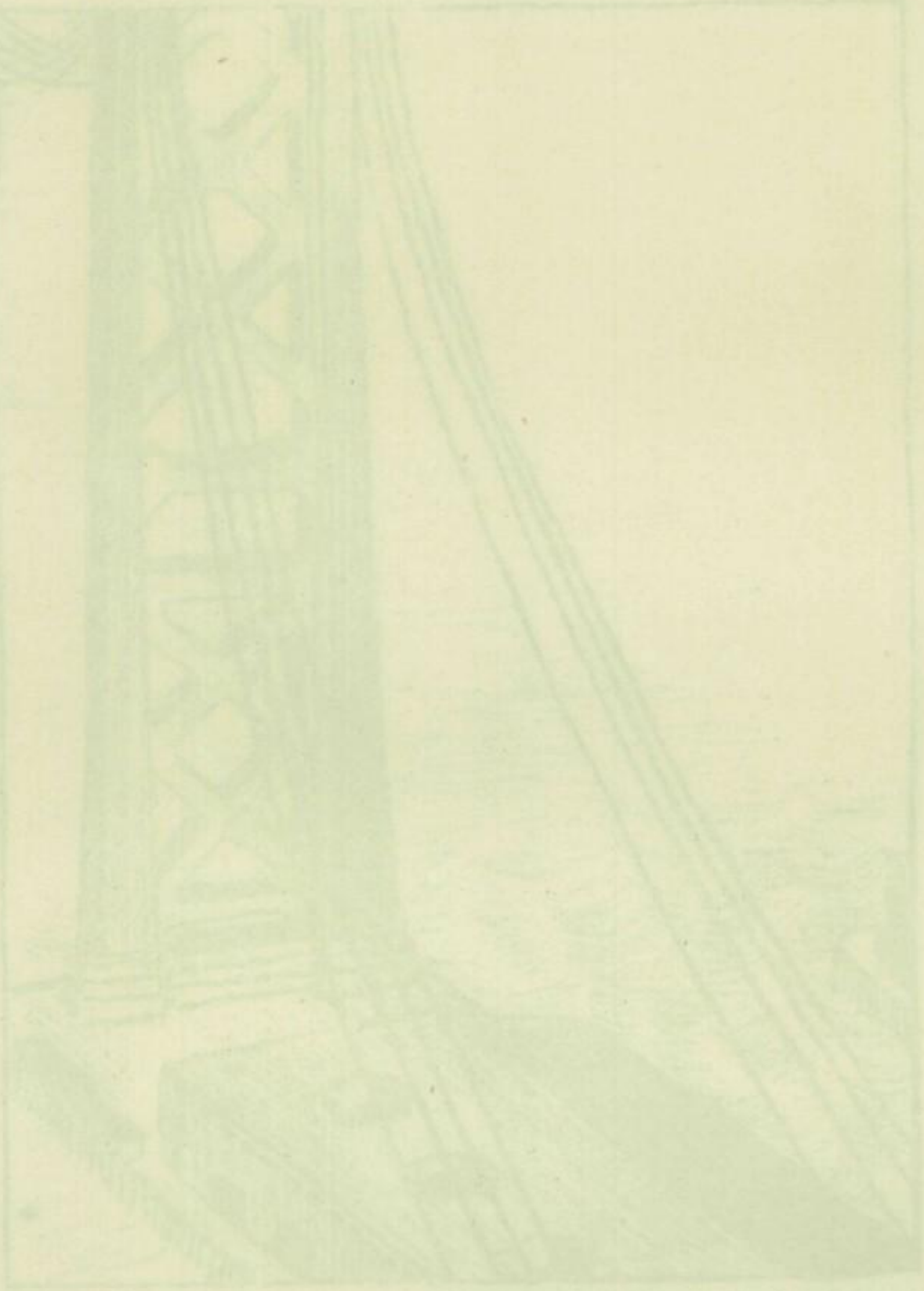
ATHLETICS



Drawing by KATHRYN KRUMMES '38



Second Prize Drawing by LOIS WILDBERGER '37



Ess Jays . . . . . .

BOYS' BLOCK
S. J. SOCIETY

GIRLS' BLOCK
S. J. SOCIETY

Baker, Elmer
Blunk, Paul
Broadley, Joe Murray
Chaix, Robert
Codina, Joe
Crane, Howard
Dundee, Chris
Fischer, Robert
Greenhalgh, Howard
Johnston, Marion
Kole, Cecil
Mapel, Tommy
Pierce, Donald
Sertich, John
Smallwood, W. C.
Spiers, Arthur
Wallner, Emmeron

Behncke, Bill
Broadley, Burk
Buletti, Edgardo
Clark, Justin
Codina, Tony
Crane, Royal
Dillard, LaVerne
Fulkerson, J. P.
Johnson, Barney
Kageta, Joe
Krause, Charles
Massey, Frank
Rowland, Bill
Skidmore, Kenneth
Smiley, Lowell
Stansfield, Jack
Williamson, Robert

Barrett, Josephine
Doll, Evelyn
Graham, Vera
Hard, Dorothy
Hauser, Freda
Hixson, Betty
Norton, Phyllis
Slight, La Verne
Dickson, Dorothy
Eaton, Peggy
Graves, Dorothy
Harper, Gladys
Havermann, Violet
Maloney, Nina Jean
Rettig, Laura
Wilkin, Dorothy
Wright, June
Zimmerman, Carolyn

San Juan Spartans

T. Codina, guard — Smallwood, end — Johnson, tackle

Mapel, quarter — J. Codina, full

Crane, guard — Clark, half — Chaix, half — Stansfield, half

SAN JUAN is proud of the record made by the Spartans who won most of their games and were able to defeat, for the first time in five years, the strong Courtland team. This victory tied them for the championship of the Sacramento County League.

San Juan 26—Clarksburg 6

Although the Spartans looked weak in a scrimmage against Roseville in the previous week, they made a great comeback to defeat by a wide score Clarksburg's undefeated team.

San Juan 6—Galt 12

For our first league game the Spartans met a fast hard fighting team from Galt. Using a fast wide end run, Galt scored in the first quarter. The Spartans rallied, and *Chaix* dived over in the second quarter to tie the score. Our opponents made the final score in the third quarter.

San Juan 6—Elk Grove 0

In our second league game we found ourselves facing the squad from Elk Grove. A pass from *Joe Codina* to *W. C. Smallwood* accounted for the Spartans' score in the second quarter. Despite the rain, the San Juan line showed its strength again in the final quarter when Elk Grove had the ball for four downs on the San Juan two yard line, but failed to score.

San Juan 6—Dixon 28

In our first game away from home we lost to Dixon by a score of 28 to 6. The boys failed to get going on the slippery turf. Dixon gained most of their points from passes, while Chaix made the only touchdown for the Spartans.

On the Gridiron . . . . . .

Cap't. Skidmore, center — Behncke, guard — Krause, center

Massey, tackle — Williamson, tackle

Fischer, guard — Smiley, quarter — Baker, r. end — Johnston, r. end

San Juan 28—Sacramento "B" 0

Remembering the defeat of the previous week, the boys made up their minds to show what they could do. During the entire game they held the upper hand, and at no time were they in danger of being scored upon. In the first half, long runs by *Chaix*, in the second half, two touchdowns and a safety made San Juan's points.

San Juan 13—Courtland 7

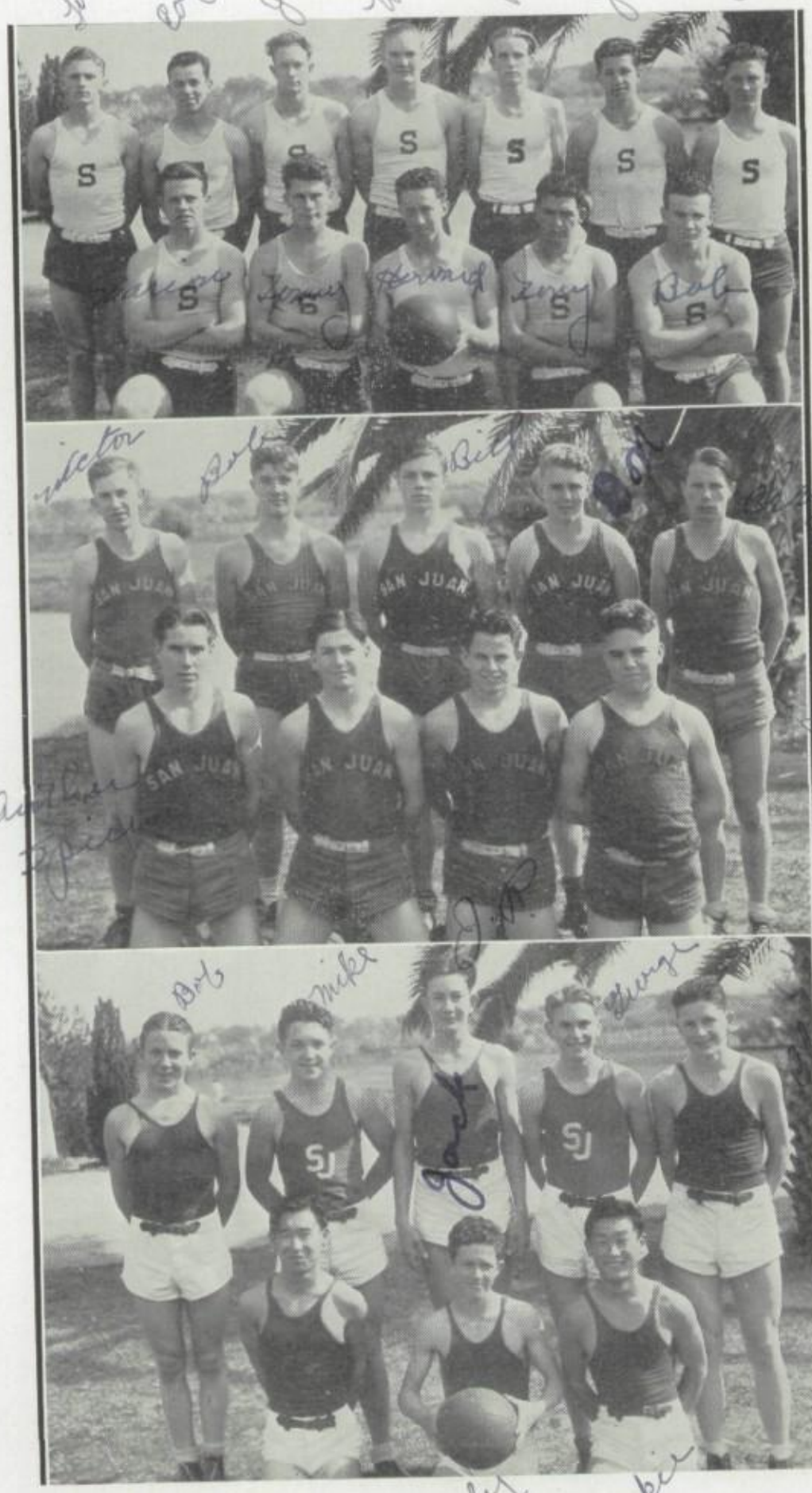
In our greatest game of the year, Captain Skidmore led his team to victory. Courtland made the first touchdown, but the Spartans came back immediately to hold the upper hand throughout the contest. Our score came in the second quarter, on a pass from *Codina* to *Clark*. In the fourth quarter, *Mapel* plunged over from the five yard line and *Smallwood* kicked for the extra point. The game ended with a spectacular aerial attack by Courtland in a vain attempt to tie the score.

San Juan 19—Placerville 6

San Juan easily defeated El Dorado before a large Armistice Day crowd. The Placerville eleven opened the scoring in the first quarter, while our team got under way in the second period, *Codina* making the final score on an eighty-six yard gallop.

San Juan 0—Courtland 6

A snappy Courtland eleven, profiting by lessons learned in its first encounter, defeated the Spartans in a very hard fought game. This defeat, however, did not mean that we lost our standing in the league. Starring for San Juan were *Captain Skidmore, W. C. Smallwood,* and *Justin Clark.*



"A" TEAM

"B" TEAM

"C" TEAM

Juan's Quintuplets . . . . . .

WHEN Coach Paine issued the first call for basketball, sixty boys turned out for the three teams. The members of the varsity "A's" were: *Marion Johnston, W. C. Smallwood, Tom Mapel, Joe Codina, Tony Codina, Howard Greenhalgh, Edgardo Buletti, Roy Crane, Burk Broadley, Lowell Smiley, Bob Chaix,* and *Justin Clark.* We won the championship for the first time since entering the Sacramento County League in 1932, and turned out the best team in the history of San Juan. Our league was composed of Elk Grove, Galt, Courtland, Folsom, and San Juan. The varsity won thirteen out of fifteen engagements; the only games lost were to College of Pacific "Frosh" and Placer Union High. The San Juan-Placer game drew the largest crowd that ever attended a basketball game at San Juan. The high scorers of the year were: *Tony Codina, W. C. Smallwood,* and *Howard Greenhalgh.* The only players that will be back next year are: *Tony* and *Joe Codina, Howard Crane, Lowell Smiley,* and *Edgardo Buletti.*

Our "B" team was not on top this year, but this does not mean that the boys did not play fine ball. *Jack Stansfield* was the only veteran. They won only three out of their fourteen games. Dundee was the outstanding player on the "B" squad, and will make a fine "A" next year. *Jake Fulkerson* and *Don Pierce* (also future "A's") were next in rank of this quintet. Those who guarded our loop were: *Joe Broadley, Arthur Spiers, Bill Behncke, Jack Stansfield,* and *Dick Wall.* Jack is the only graduate of the team; so there will be many veterans next year.

The "C" team started off the season with a victory over East Nicolaus. They had two fine little players from last year who were stars again—*Frank* and *Joe Kageta.* The team was nosed out in five out of six games by one or two points, but they were a game little team and ended up in second place in the Sacramento County League. The players were: *Frank Kageta, Joe Kageta, Robert Raymond, Teddy Greenhalgh, Jack Fox, Ike Clover, Phil Barber, Mike Zahara, George Miller,* and *Hiroshi Urakawa.* Most of these fellows will return next year to make a splendid "B" team.

Diamond Aces . . . . . .

Baseball, still holding its place among the major sports, started off on a new baseball field at the north end of the football field. The 1936 season opened in a rush, with only one week to whip the team into shape. Luckily we had only one position to be replaced. Approximately twelve boys were out for this, so that every member of the previous year had to fight hard to hold his position against so many competitors. Only one practice game was played before the league opened. On March 17, the team took this first practice game from Sacramento "B's" by a score of 4 to 0. March 20 brought an auspicious beginning to our league games; a score of 4 to 3 made us victors over Folsom High. On March 27, the Spartan diamond aces took the Elks by surprise, defeating them 2 to 0. We cannot be the victors always, however; so on April 16 and 17, we were vanquished, but only by one point each time. On the 16th, we lost to Lincoln 3-2, and on the 17th to Elk Grove, on our own field this time, by a score of 3-1. As "Greenback Notes" goes to press before our season closes, we are unable to record the rest of the games. San Juan will have only two letter men back next year, each with two years of experience. The men who made up this season's team were: *L. Dillard* and *E. Buletti,* catchers; *B. Chaix* and *L. Smiley,* pitchers;*W. C. Smallwood,* first base; *J. Sertich,* second base; *T. Mapel,* third base; *H. Greenhalgh;* shortstop; *J. Clark,* left field; *C. Kole,* right field; *B. Rowland* and *A. Miller,* center field.

The All-Leaguers . . . . . .

The "All-Leaguers" of Sacramento County have been in existence for three years now. San Juan has placed in each sport every year, but this is the first time that "Greenback Notes" has had the opportunity to honor these star athletes. We are happy to give them space for a picture and write-up in this issue. Our all-league Spartan football squad, under the guiding hand of Coach Paine, started their season with a snap. After the season was over, the *San Juan Spartan,* with the aid of the other school papers of the league, picked three players from San Juan for the all-league team. The lucky ones were: *W. C. Smallwood, Joe Codina,* and *Captain Kenny Skidmore.* Out of our championship basketball team we were fortunate enough to place our five first string men on the all-league team. These were: *Marion Johnston, W. C. Smallwood, Tony Codina, Joe Codina,* and *Howard Greenhalgh. Chris Dundee* of the "B" Team and *Joe Kageta* of the "C" Team were also chosen. Although we have not finished our baseball season at this time, the following boys have already been rated all-leaguers: *Howard Greenhalgh, Justin Clark, W. C. Smallwood, Bob Chaix.* Since the "cinder straight-away" was torn up by the W. P. A. workers this season, track was not a major sport at San Juan. There were plenty of good tracksters, but no place for them to practice—hence no all-leaguers in track. *W. C. Smallwood* and *Joe Codina,* however, threw the football and shot put at several meets to keep San Juan in the running.

SPARTANETTE

VOLLEYBALL TEAMS

- Seniors — Sophomores
  Juniors — Freshmen

SPARTANETTES IN ACTION

-

SPEEDBALL TEAMS

- Seniors — Sophomores
  Juniors — Freshmen

VOLLEY-BALL

Our 1935-36 sports season opened with volley-ball which has not been played for some years as a major sport. It was hailed gladly by many of the girls who do not care for the rougher games. The high-and-mighty Seniors captured the victory from the Juniors in the first game. In the second, our Freshmen took a beating from the superior Sophomores. The third and last game was played off between the victors. A great battle was waged, but the Sophomores finally overcame the upper classmen.

TEAMS

Seniors: Anne Campoy (captain), Josephine Barrett, Dorothy Hard, Phyllis Norton, Laura Rettig, Florence Williamson, June Wright, and Carolyn Zimmerman.

Juniors: Nina Jean Maloney (captain), Mable Bateman, Evelyn Doll, Peggy Eaton, Vera Graham, Dorothy Graves, Gladys Harper, Freda Hauser, and Ida Mae Shumate.

Sophomores: Jane Robards (captain), Shirley Bolles, Janet Call, Evelyn Claiborne, Harriet Downing, June Eastman, Betty Gibbons, June Jurgens, and Margaret Robinson.

Freshmen: Gladys Brien (captain), Bernice Bennetts, Madge Call, Kathleen Cook, Yvonne Collinge, Esther Dewey, Jean Dodge, Olga Gavrilko, and Mary Wallner.

SPEEDBALL

Our second major sport this year was the rough-and-tumble game of speedball. It was greeted hilariously, and started off with a bang! The first game was played between the Juniors and Seniors. Once again the Seniors took an easy victory over the Juniors, and the Sophomores took a hard-fought-for victory from the Freshies. The play-off was between the Sophomores and Seniors, but here history did not repeat itself, for the Seniors literally "licked" the Sophomores, taking the championship.

TEAMS

Seniors: Laura Rettig, (captain), Josephine Barrett, Dorothy Hard, Phyllis Norton, Gretchen Smith, Edna Stanfield, Florence Williamson, Dorothy Wilkin, June Wright, Carolyn Zimmerman.

Juniors: Evelyn Doll (captain), Frances Anderson, Marian Caskey, Cleo Cohen, Peggy Eaton, Vera Graham, Dorothy Graves, Gladys Harper, Freda Hauser, Nina Jean Maloney, Ida Mae Shumate.

Sophomores: Shirley Bolles (captain), Vivian Blyler, Janet Call, Evelyn Claiborne, Harriet Downing, June Eastman, Betty Gibbons, Lena Giusti, Margaret Holsinger, Frances Smith.

Freshmen: Olga Gavrilko (captain), Bernice Bennetts, Enid Bolles, Delores Hill, Verna Johnson, Ruth Krebs, Marjorie Larson, Dorothy Mueller, Rose Neronde, Kikuye Urakawa, Mary Wallner.

SPORTLIGHT..

SPARTANETTE

BASKETBALL TEAMS

- Seniors — Sophomores
  Juniors — Freshmen

MORE SPARTANETTES IN ACTION

-

BASEBALL TEAMS

- Seniors — Sophomores
  Juniors — Freshmen

SPORTLIGHT..

BASKETBALL

San Juan's favorite sport, basketball, had a large turn out this season. The games were played after school, two games each night. The first night the Seniors played the Sophomores, and the Juniors played the Freshmen—the Seniors and the Juniors taking the victories. The next two games were played between the two victors and the two losers. In the last games, the Seniors took an easy victory from the Freshmen, but the Juniors fought hard for theirs. Thus, once again, the Seniors were champions.

TEAMS

Seniors: Dorothy Hard (captain), Josephine Barrett, Phyllis Croxen, Barbara Pefley, Laura Rettig, Carolyn Zimmerman.

Juniors: Ida Mae Shumate (captain), Evelyn Doll, Peggy Eaton, Dottie Graves, Freda Hauser, Eleanor Tomich.

Sophomores: Lena Giusti (captain), Janet Call, Harriet Downing, June Jurgens, Lulu Piiru, Mary Williams.

Freshmen: Enid Bolles (captain), Bernice Bennetts, Naomi Bernard, Gladys Brien, Madge Call, Shirley Henderson.

BASEBALL

As soon as the weather permitted, the girls rushed out to the good old baseball diamond, but Miss Lattin, with the help of the Girls' Block S. J., had made an entirely new diamond just for the girls.
We had try-outs after school on April 16th and selected our teams. As the yearbook goes to press, we have not yet played our interclass games but intend to start on April 21st.

TEAMS

Seniors: Josephine Barrett (captain), Hazel Fraser, Dorothy Hard, Phyllis Norton, Barbara Pefley, Laura Rettig, Zoe Tatro, Dorothy Wilkin, Carolyn Zimmerman.

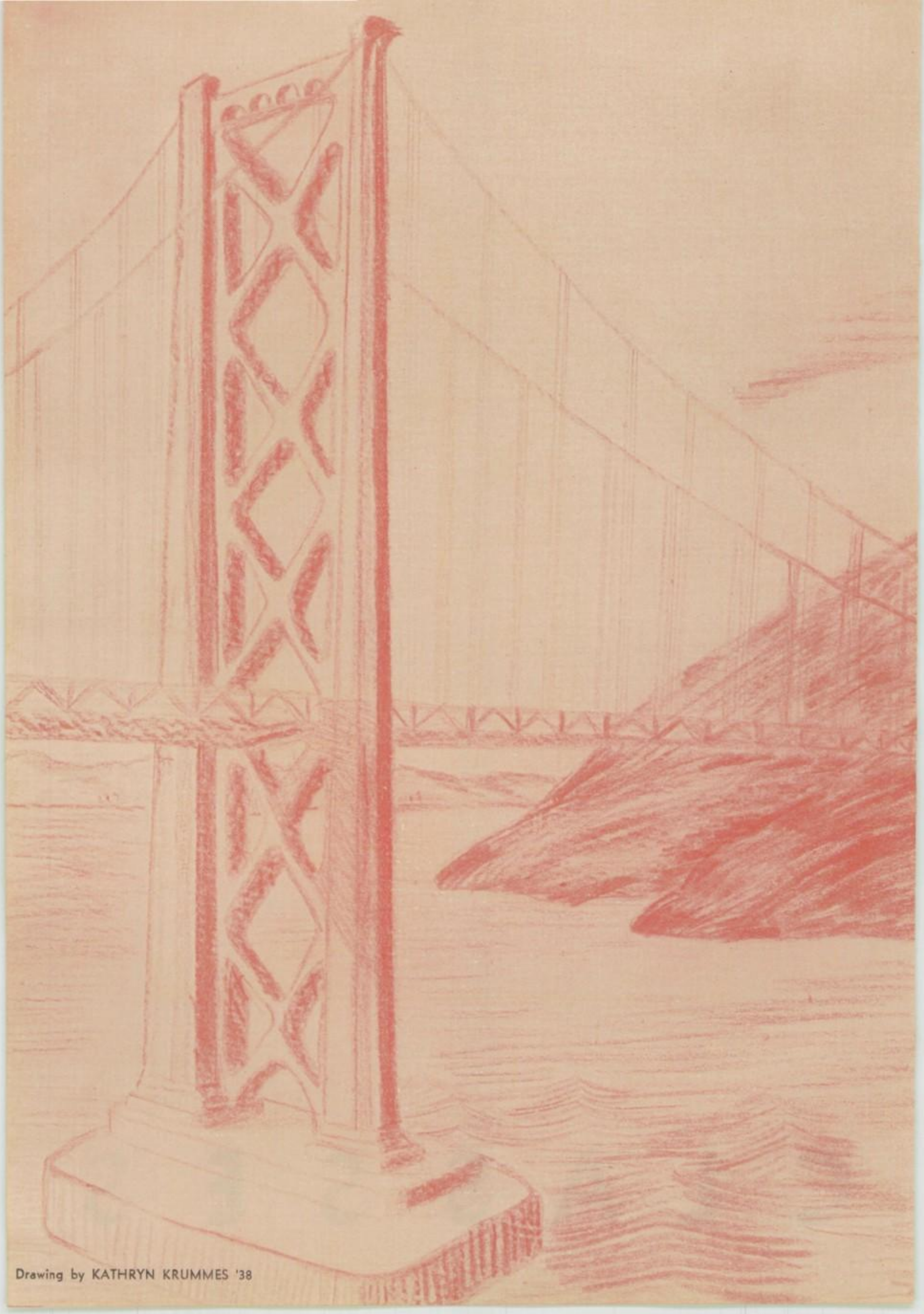
Juniors: Gladys Harper (captain), Mary Astle, Evelyn Doll, Peggy Eaton, Dorothy Graves, Tillie Hauptman, Freda Hauser, Irene Rapp, Wilma Rhinesmith, and Ida Mae Shumate.

Sophomores: Evelyn Claiborne (captain), Shirley Bolles, Janet Call, Harriet Downing, June Eastman, Betty Gibbons, Margaret Gimbel, Lent Giusti, Mary Williams.

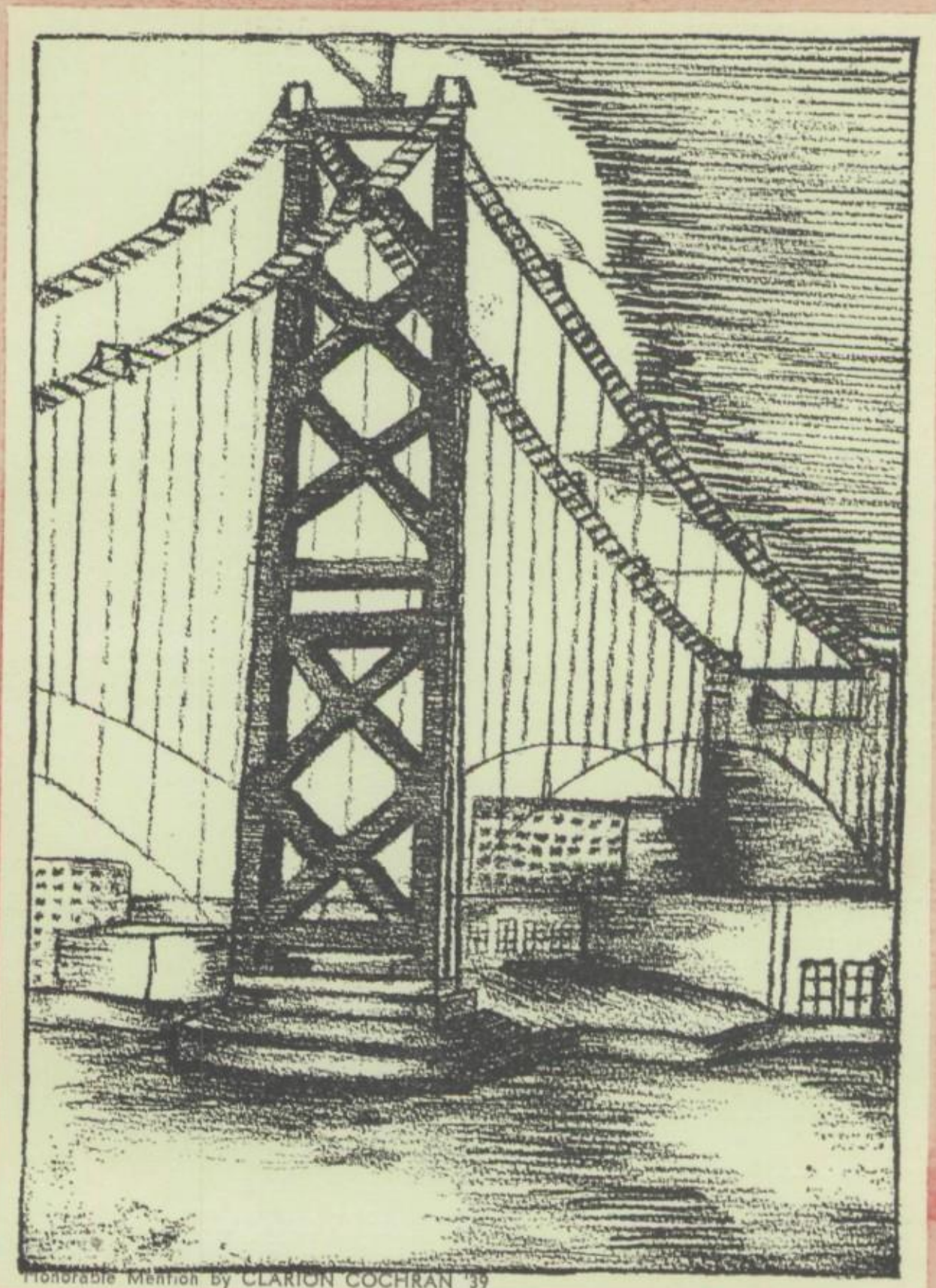
Freshmen: Loris Fisher (captain), Bernice Bennetts, Madge Call, Doris Hill, Marjorie Larson, Afton McBride, Rose Neronde, Eileen Terry, Gertrude Thomas, Mary Wallner.

In the anchorages of the Bay Bridge, enormous blocks of reinforced concrete, are embedded huge steel bars with eyelets in the ends to which the suspension cables are attached. Between the anchorages and over the saddles set on the top of two towers are strung thousands of parallel wires forming two cables, each the diameter of a barrel. The cables weigh, when completed, approximately one ton to the foot, and are entirely too heavy to be transported in their built-up state; so they are spun on the job from single wires. The adjustment of the wires is accomplished by crews of workmen stationed on the catwalks approximately two hundred feet apart communicating with each other by telephone and signals. How carefully they must cooperate, how uniformly they must work together, for once the cable is completed no repairs can ever be made to the cable wires. So, in school, we have our well organized classes enabling us to carry out our scholastic program more efficiently, and teaching us to work jointly with our fellow students so that we may later cooperate with our fellow citizens in "spinning the cables" of national peace and prosperity. Let us give constant and faithful attention to our class organizations!

CLASSES



Drawing by KATHRYN KRUMMES '38



Honorable Mention by CLARION COCHRAN '39

Prexies' Remarks . . . . . .

WE ARE the largest Freshman Class that ever entered the doors of San Juan—so large, in fact, that the district had to build a new bridge for us; the old one would not hold us up. But after wearing our clothes backwards, using plenty of lipstick, scrubbing steps, etc., our importance left us and we truly appreciated the Freshman Reception which initiated us as rightful members of San Juan. We are striving and will continue to strive to live up to the noble ideals of our predecessors.—*Jack Fox, '39.*

As President of the Sophomore Class, I would like to thank the class for its fine cooperation in helping to carry out the many activities of the past year. This would not have been possible were it not for the splendid aid and encouragement of our class advisors—my heartfelt thanks to them, too. We will continue to strive to attain what the Juniors and Seniors of this year and the past years have accomplished.—*Donald Clover, '38.*

The first of the term found the Class of 1937 well organized, and as the year progressed, the Juniors became one of the leading classes in San Juan. As President of this class, I wish to thank the Juniors for their spledid cooperation. My gratitude, also, to the advisors who so willingly helped with all the Junior activities. The Juniors hope to become a bigger and better class—the Seniors of '37—nobly living up to the fine precedents set by former Senior classes.—*Dick Dickson, '37.*

Dear Class of '36: I have enjoyed very much the honor of being your President. It is a privilege which few of us have the good fortune to enjoy. My thanks—and good luck to you all!
Dear Class of '37: Dignity is the essential quality of all Seniors. Ahem! My admonition is to try to emulate the Class of '36. This, of course, will not be possible, but do your best.

Dear Faculty: No doubt you have at times during the past four years considered yourselves martyrs, but we have suffered, too. Think of some of the grades you have given us. Seriously, we are truly grateful to you and regret your "headaches" in our behalf; we assure you they were not *all* in vain.—*James Beemer, '36.*

The Third Cousins . . . . . .

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Jack Fox
Vice President	Richard Pefley
Secretary	Renee Price
Treasurer	John Ireland
Yell Leader	Victor Fulton

CLASS ADVISORS

Mr. A. L. Price
Mr. R. B. Armstrong
Miss E. Imes
Miss M. Lattin
Mr. G. R. Paine

Fancy Free Freshmen . . . . . .

FRESHMAN GIRLS

Bernard, Naomi
Bolles, Enid
Bennetts, Bernice
Brien, Gladys
Brock, Nell Louise
Cherrill, Betty
Call, Madge
Ciani, Theresa
Collinge, Yvonne
Cook, Kathleen
Crane, Luce
Dewey, Ester Jane
Dodge, Jean
Eckles, Lucille
Fisher, Loris
Gallaher, Doris
Gavrilko, Olga
Grigsby, Jewel
Hill, Dolores
Holland, Lois
Heim, Thalia
Henderson, Shirley
Holland, Hazel
Johns, Constance
Johnson, Verna
Johnston, Marjorie
Karlslyst, Marion
Kemp, Leata
Krebs, Ruth
Larson, Marjorie
McBride, Afton
McChesney, Jean
Mielke, Edith
Minster, Kathryn
Moisio, Helen
Mueller, Dorothy
Neronde, Rose
Nevis, Bernice
Newton, Bernadean
Noss, Erla
Price, Renee
Priegnitz, Ruth
Rich, Dorcas
Ricketts, Evelyn
Schmieder, Jackie
Stassi, Rose
Sullivan, Helen
Stowers, Eleanor
Terry, Eileen
Thompson, Gertrude
Urakawa, Kikuye
Vawter, Lola May
Wallner, Mary

FRESHMAN BOYS

Arend, Bill
Armour, Clyde
Barber, William
Beemer, Tom
Blyler, Warren
Boice, Wilbur
Bowers, Herbert
Boxall, George
Brien, Clyde
Clark, Evans Jr.
Campoy, Joe
Chapman, Earl
Clover, Ike
Cochran, Clarion
Doyle, Donald
Donald, Earl
Dart, Harold
Dimmick, Milton
Errecart, Joseph
Ferguson, Harold
Fox, Jack
Frates, Edart
French, Clayton
Fulton, Victor
Gillespie, James
Guisto, Joe
Goddard, Ernest
Greenhalgh, Teddy
Grundman, Bernard
Harris, Kent
Horton, Stanley
Hull, Norman
Hunt, Mervin
Ickes, Ralph
Ireland, John
Joyner, Ralph
Kasjaka, Anthony
Lyons, Cecil
Muns, Billy
Massey, Robert
Martini, Walter
Martin, Chas.
Morford, Wilford
Nelson, Russell
Nevis, Richard
Noland, Harold
Osborne, Billy
Orr, Leland
Olson, Russell
O'Rell, Wendell
Pickering, Emeron
Pefley, Richard
Phillips, Earl
Pierce, Donald
Piiru, George
Roediger, Leslie
Root, Lawrence
Rose, Mack
Sareeram, Lewis
Stroup, Roland
Sertich, Joe
Schmetzer, Wilbur
Stansfield, Roy E.
Stassi, Bennie
Trimble, Atkin
Tomich, Frederick
Tarvis, Eugene
Taylor, Odes
Urakawa, Kay
Van De Vort, Charles
Van Maren, Adolph
Van Maren, Douglas
Wall, Richard
Wood, John R.
Walke, Sammie
Weaver, Lloyd
Wenger, Henry
Winje, Kaare
Zurfluh, Howard

WHEN stronger and healthier boys taunted and laughed at puny Theodore Roosevelt, they did not realize that they were tormenting a future great president of the United States. And little did the mighty Seniors of San Juan realize, on the 10th of September, 1935, that those same "Freshies" running around with painted faces, disheveled hair, and clothing on backwards would be victorious over the husky Sophomores in the Freshman-Sophomore Scamper. Then at the Freshman Reception, these Freshmen, in all their dignity, turned out in their best attire to display their talents in songs, dances, recitations, and instrumental solos. They won their page in the yearbook by selling the greatest number of tickets for the "Greenback Notes" program. In addition, they presented "the Mouse-trap" on that program. They have taken an active part in all school affairs, with six members enrolled in the Honor Scholarship Society, and with some of their number already in possession of their block letters in athletics. The Freshmen believe that if they continue their present interest in all school activities and increase in loyalty to San Juan, the school will be proud to acknowledge its part in training them to become skilled engineers in the great game of bridging their way to good citizenship.

The Second Cousins . . . . . .

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Donald Clover
Vice President	Margaret Holsinger
Secretary	Vivian Blyler
Treasurer	Natalie Jones

CLASS ADVISORS

Miss M. Berckhan
Mr. G. P. Nixon
Mr. R. Clover
Miss E. Charter
Mr. P. M. Hogin

Sophisticated Sophomores . . .

SOPHOMORE GIRLS

Baranek, Katherine
Blyler, Vivian
Bolles, Shirley
Brown, Jayne
Call, Janet
Claiborne, Evelyn
Coldani, Evelyn
Courtney, Viola
Croxen, Anita
Davies, Beatrice
Dickson, Idell
Dieren, Margaret
Downing, Harriet
Duncan, Alice
Dundee, Lillian
Eastman, June
Evans, Esley Anne
Epling, Lorraine
Fowler, June
Fraser, Mary
Fulkerson, Elnora
Gallaher, Nadine
Gibbons, Betty
Gimbel, Margaret
Giusti, Lena
Goulden, Bernice
Gum, Wilma
Holsinger, Margaret
Irwin, Frances
Johns, Phyllis
Jones, Natalie
Jurgens, June
Krummes, Kathryn
Lawrence, Gloria
Moeszinger, Dorothy
Muns, Barbara
Neronde, Marie
Nye, Madeleine
O'Donnell, Dorothea
Pascoe, Thelma
Pletcher, Mozelle
Piiru, Lula
Robards, Jane
Robinson, Margaret
Schroyer, Helen
Snell, Mary Jane
Sadleir, Sheila
Smith, Frances
Stark, Jeanne
Sturges, Levonne
Thomas, Dorothy
Wilkin, Edith
Williams, Mary
Ward, Clara Belle
Wood, Margaret

SOPHOMORE BOYS

Arase, Wataru
Bain, John
Barber, Phillip
Bishop, Godfrey
Bonham, Kenneth
Braden, Oliver
Bunker, Francis
Campoy, Pedro
Clover, Donald
Crane, Howard
Duncan, Frank
Foster, George
Ferguson, Lee
Field, Austin
Fischer, Robert
Hauser, George
Hinze, Dick
Hull, Ewell
Kageta, Frank
Kole, Cecil
LaFollette, Donald
Leedy, Wallace
Lincoln, Ralph
Linville, Delman
McGee, Dennis
Massey, Frank
Meadows, Henry
Mielke, Earl
Miller, Arthur
Obenshain, Donald
Peck, Lee
Popovich, Ernest
Reber, William
Skidmore, Robert
Smith, Jack
Stonesifer, Allen
Taylor, Oral
Thomas, Ronald
Thompson, Bud
Tuttle, Robert
Urakawa, Tokeshi
Wallner, Emmeron
Webber, Dan
Zahara, Mike

WHEN WE, the Class of '38, entered San Juan as Freshmen, we were laying the foundation of the bridge that would connect our present lives with those of the future—a bridge constructed with a good sound secondary education, just as the San Francisco—Oakland Bay Bridge is constructed with solid concrete and steel. This year we are spinning the huge cable which will hold our bridge together. After we started to spin this cable, mishaps, of course, occurred. Our machinery failed, and we were defeated by the Freshmen at the Freshman-Sophomore Scamper. We mended that weakness, however, and, on October 25, we realized our first great success of the year—our Sophomore Hop. Through the help of our advisors we were able to make this Harvest-Hallo-we'en dance a success. Our machinery proved its uniformity of action when we won the ticket sale for the Armistice Day Football Game. We are certain that we will be able to raise the necessary funds for our use while constructing our bridge, for so far we have earned our money from class activities and have not been compelled to ask for dues. On February 24, we gave a program before the Student Body and later presented a play, "Weenies on Wednesday", with Alice Duncan as the student director and Miss Charter as the advisor in charge. There is going to be an exposition in 1938, in honor of the completion of the San Francisco--Oakland Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge. We, too, will celebrate the completion of our bridge of secondary education in 1938, at our commencement in June.

The First Cousins . . . . . .

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Dick Dickson
Vice President	Eleanor Tomich
Secretary	Audria Wallner
Treasurer	Joe Murray Broadley
Reporter	Nina Jean Maloney

CLASS ADVISORS

Miss H. Orelli
Miss M. Hench
Miss R. Spiers
Mr. R. G. Lawrence
Mr. G. H. Hall

Jolly Juniors . . . . . .

JUNIOR GIRLS

Anderson, Frances
Astle, Mary
Ball, Velma
Bateman, Mabel
Borsberry, Alberta
Caldwell, Delilah
Caskey, Marian
Cohen, Cleo
Doyle, Velma
Doll, Evelyn
Eaton, Peggy
Gilmore, Marilyn
Gibbons, Elsie
Graham, Vera
Graves, Alois
Graves, Dorothy
Harper, Gladys
Hauptman, Tillie
Hauser, Freda
Henderson, Lorena
Hixson, Betty
Howard, Phoebe
Krause, Leora
Lucas, Bessie
Maloney, Nina Jean
McCurdy, Volean
Mueller, Annie
Neuerburg, Carol
Osborne, Nellie
Orsi, April
Poissant, Virginia
Phillippe, Virginia
Rapp, Irene
Ross, Shirley
Rhinesmith, Wilma
Rytkonen, Irene
Shultz, Phyllis
Shumate, Ida Mae
Studt, Margaret
Tomich, Eleanor
Wortell, Jeanne
Wallace, Maxine
Wallner, Audria
Wildberger, Lois
Wilson, Nancy
Zahara, Annie

JUNIOR BOYS

Arend, Harry
Bolles, Leland
Behncke, Bill
Blanchard, John
Blunk, Paul
Broadley, Joe
Buletti, Edgardo
Bunker, Lloyd
Cable, Vernon
Call, Gordon
Cannon, Joe
Codina, Joe
Codina, Tony
Davies, Richard
Davis, Robert
Davis, Boyce
Dickson, Dick
Duncan, Dave
Dundee, Chris
Edgett, Charles
Epling, Wallace
Fulkerson, J. P.
Greenhalgh, Dale
Green, Bernard
Gum, Irving
Harrison, Rucker
Homer, Cyril
Howard, Harlin
Johns, Billy
Kennedy, Whitney
Kenyon, David
Lord, Edgar
Manhart, Kenneth
McElroy, Ivan
McKeown, Donald
Miller, George
Montgomery, Edwin
Moulton, Edmund
Mulch, Wayne
Owen, Elwin
Plummer, David
Piiru, James
Ricketts, Ralph
Rowland, Bill
Sareeram, John
Schultz, Bill
Schultz, John
Seymour, James
Sears, Bill
Spiers, Arthur
Smiley, Lowell
Smith, Robert
Tomich, Quentin
Urakawa, Hiroshi
Whitsell, Robert
Wild, Jack
Williamson, Bob

UNDER the leadership of capable officers, the Junior Class has accomplished a great deal in school activities. On November 14, six of the girls presented a very amusing play entitled "Stuffed Owls", which was directed by Miss Hench. There is really much talent in the class of 1937, and they await their Senior dramatic productions with a fine spirit of enthusiasm. At the Junior Prom, December 13, everyone enjoyed the Christmassy atmosphere. In the center of the auditorium was a beautiful revolving Xmas tree. Holly wreaths and cedar branches completed the decorations. On April 17, the girls invited their best beaus to the Junior Class Leap Year Dance. It was a huge success. The main attraction was a balloon dance, during which brightly colored balloons were released from the ceiling and floated downward. The Junior Class will entertain the Class of '36 May 1 at the annual Junior-Senior Banquet. Toasts and decorations will be carried out in the Bay Bridge theme, and Jack Wild, of Class of '37, will act as toastmaster for the evening. Several Juniors had leading roles in the Operetta, and there are also a number of Juniors in the San Juan orchestra, chorus, and choir. Many of the boys are on football, baseball, and basketball teams. Lowell Smiley, one of our star athletes, has been elected captain of the football team for next year. The girls have also been very active in athletic events, and many are in the Girls' Block S. J. Society. Nor must we forget our many classmates who have become members of the Honor Scholarship Society.

Isamu Arase | Elmer Baker | Josephine Barrett | Charles Bartells | James Beemer | Burk Broadley
Kenneth Brown | Anne Campoy | Mildred Carroll | Robert Chaix | Justin Clark | Henry Coldani

JUAN MAN'S FAMILY

ISAMU ARASE

He was an interested member of the Aeroplane Club, wasn't he, and also a quiet worker on the *San Juan Spartan?*

ELMER BAKER

Though he was a brave right end on our football team, isn't he the boy who wore several pairs of pants at a certain initiation?

JOSEPHINE BARRETT

Wasn't she a fine Sports editor? And remember her skill at shooting baskets?

CHARLES BARTELLS

Was it his experience in plays and operettas that made him go through such fantastic motions as our Spartan yell leader?

JAMES BEEMER

Who has a finer collection of stamps than this lad who was President of the Class of '36?

BURK BROADLEY

Wasn't he one of our clever racqueteers as well as a tricky player of the trombone in the orchestra and band?

KENNETH BROWN

Can you imagine staging a comedy without Kenny? Is that why he has such "a way with the ladies"?

LLOYD BUNKER

Isn't this our newcomer from Folsom High who has so cleverly evaded the questioning of our Senior Editor?

ANNE CAMPOY

Isn't she our typical Spanish senorita who we all hope will succeed in the business world?

MILDRED CARROLL

Remember the tiny brunette of the Class of '36 who sang so sweetly in the A Cappella Choir?

ROBERT CHAIX

Did you ever see a flashy halfback of the fall develop into such a pitcher of fast balls in the spring?

JUSTIN CLARK

Wasn't he another halfback who starred on our baseball team—with an added asset, a yell all his own?

HENRY COLDANI

Is this our "fancy" boxer who was the crook, John Roberts, of "The Boomer"?

Annie Mai Corbitt | Royal Crane | Phyllis Croxen | Dorothy Dickson | Norma Dickson | LaVerne Dillard

Frederick Edgett | Hazel Fraser | Irving Frates | Francis Gimbel | Dorothy Goddard | Howard Greenhalgh

JUAN MAN'S FAMILY

ANNIE MAI CORBITT

Was there ever a busier or more capable secretary for Mr. Price, for the Hi Y, for Honor Scholarship Society?

ROY CRANE

Isn't he the active Future Farmer who shines on their basketball team as well as on their field trips?

PHYLLIS CROXEN

Another secretary? Yes, of the Jr. Red Cross. And have you heard her playing the clarinet in the band?

DOROTHY DICKSON

Haven't you seen her fingers fly on the typewriter both for "Greenback Notes" and Mr. Nixon?

NORMA DICKSON

Didn't you enjoy her singing in the Senior Play as well as her sweet voice and smile in the front ranks of the A Cappella Choir?

LAVERNE DILLARD

Wasn't he our very efficient athletic manager whose catcher's mitt never failed behind the home plate?

FREDERICK EDGETT

Can you picture the dignified "Papa" of "Nothing but the Truth" playing the clarinet in our school band?

HAZEL FRASER

Weren't her posters always among our finest—this very capable Art Editor for "Greenback Notes"?

IRVING FRATES

Can't you see this quiet little lad herding his cattle on the lonely range?

FRANCIS GIMBEL

Won't we remember his pantomime,—"Stealing Watermelons," as long as we will his tackling on the Spartan squad?

DOROTHY GODDARD

Can you imagine this lusty speedball player chasing butterflies for the Nature Club?

HOWARD GREENHALGH

As forward on the "A" basketball team and as shortstop in baseball, didn't he deserve to win his "Block S. J."?

Jack Gysbers — Raleigh Hulett | Ray Haak — Beatrice Johns | Dorothy Hard — Barney Johnson | Violet Ann Havermann — Marion Johnston | Dick Hemmingsen — Joe Kageta | Charlotte Holsinger — Charles Krause

JUAN MAN'S FAMILY

JACK GYSBERS
Did you ever watch this nifty "slip" trombone player concentrating long and hard in a chess game?

RAY HAAK
Always one of our shining lights in dramatics, wasn't he, as well as a star on the tennis court?

DOROTHY HARD
Did the Girls' Block S. J. ever have a more active president and one who excels in every sport?

VIOLET HAVERMANN
Don't you just know that this girl with deft typing fingers and sweet personality will be an invaluable private secretary some day?

DICK HEMMINGSEN
Couldn't you just guess, by his strong jaw, that Dick was a rough and ready tumbler?

CHARLOTTE HOLSINGER
Shouldn't she manage a home well who was such a capable Commissioner of Finance and Business Manager of "Greenback Notes"?

RALEIGH HULETT
Wasn't he one of the old stand-bys in the printing shop who helped to get the *Spartan* out on time?

BEATRICE JOHNS
Student Body Secretary? Yes, but shall we not remember her more as the leading vocalist and pianist of the Senior Class?

BARNEY JOHNSON
Did he really leave the science laboratory long enough to make the football eleven and the Senior basketball quintet?

MARION JOHNSTON
Though Captain of the "A" Basketball team and right end on the football squad, wasn't he also a long-standing member of the C. S. F.?

JOE KAGETA
A worthy member of the Block S. J., wasn't he—who showed such lightning speed in basketball and baseball?

CHARLES KRAUSE
Can you picture this sturdy center of the Spartan squad baking cakes and pies with the cooking class?

Val Lenz | Esther Lohse | Irise Lopez | Muriel Maddocks | Thomas Mapel | William Marsh
Thelma McKeown | Garnette Niles | Phyllis Norton | Willis Osterli | Randal Ovren | James Patterson

JUAN MAN'S FAMILY

VAL LENZ
Wasn't he the worthy president of the Science Club who rode in a rumble seat, no matter what the weather?

ESTHER LOHSE
Shall the Class of '36 remember her as the greatest little catcher of the girls' baseball team—or as Student Body Secretary whose minutes we really could hear?

IRISE LOPEZ
Wouldn't you expect this quiet little maid to be an interested member of the Home Economics Club?

MURIEL MADDOCKS
What would "Greenback Notes" '36 have done without its capable, conscientious editor—who still found time for all other activities, including presidency of the Girls' League?

TOM MAPEL
Will we ever forget this happy, likable senior — an all around athlete — speedy quarterback, nimble forward, wide-awake third baseman?

BILL MARSH
As a newcomer this year, did he not enter right into the active life of San Juan—on the *Spartan* staff, on the tennis team, and in other athletic groups?

THELMA McKEOWN
Isn't this another quiet, efficient secretary—to the girls' counselor—who is an important member of the A Cappella Choir?

VON CILE NEWTON
Isn't she the sweet little newcomer—so gifted in artistic design?

GARNETTE NILES
Will you ever forget the girl with the beautiful long curls who entertained us with her readings so often?

PHYLLIS NORTON
And wasn't Phyllis the "lightning" runner of our speedball team who was such an amusing Mable Jackson in "Nothing but the Truth"?

WILLIS OSTERLI
Was there ever a more active or prominent Future Farmer who so capably fulfilled the dutes of Student Body President?

RANDAL OVREN
And wasn't this the trumpet player who was interested in landscaping and photography?

JIM PATTERSON
A prominent member of the Science Club —but didn't he seem more natural as Bishop Doran in "Nothing but the Truth"?

Barbara Pefley
John Sertich
Ariel Peugh
Kenneth Skidmore
John Prochaska
La Verne Slight
Robert Raymond
W. C. Smallwood
Estelle Reber
John Smilanick
Laura Rettig
Gretchen Smith

JUAN MAN'S FAMILY

BARBARA PEFLEY

Shouldn't she be proud of her honors—San Juan's most outstanding Senior—also the able Associate Editor of "Greenback Notes"?

ARIEL PEUGH

And isn't this our most popular violinist who will shine as Co-Salutatorian on graduation eve?

JOHN PROCHASKA

Weren't we proud of our star trumpeter as leading man in our Senior Play?

ROBERT RAYMOND

And wasn't Bobby the little athletic manager who was one of our "C" quintuplets"?

ESTELLE REBER

Will San Juan ever find an equal for this prodigious collector of "bugs"—our Stella who became *Estelle?*

LAURA RETTIG

Ah! Was she not the most popular girl in San Juan as well as the most popular Senior girl—this president of the Girls' League?

JOHN SERTICH

Who was a better reporter than John—both for the Student Body and as Associate Editor of the *Spartan?*

KENNETH SKIDMORE

Wasn't he truly the most popular boy at San Juan—president of the Student Body, president of the Block S. J., captain of the football team?

LA VERNE SLIGHT

A very *snappy* tennis player, wasn't she, as well as "cornering" Snap Editor of "Greenback Notes"?

W. C. SMALLWOOD

Can we think of athletics without thinking of stalwart "Dub"—a star in football, basketball, baseball?

JOHN SMILANICK

A faithful Future Farmer, wasn't he, and a keen observer on the Ag Judging teams?

GRETCHEN SMITH

And isn't this the little girl who could ask so many questions and who so capably handled the lead in our Senior Play?

Edna Stanfield
Elizabeth Whitsell

Jack Stansfield
Dorothy Wilkin

Fred Thompson
Florence Williamson

Bill Vance
June Wright

John Vincent
Carolyn Zimmerman

Joyce Ward
Agnes Zvalo

JUAN MAN'S FAMILY

EDNA STANFIELD
Though she left us before the year was over, shall we not always remember this girl with the southern accent who was an active member of the *Spartan* Staff?

JACK STANSFIELD
Isn't he the Spartan halfback who wields his tennis racket with dexterity?

ZOE TATRO
Isn't this the little girl who returned to us the last semester—with her roguish smile and her speed in athletics?
field?

FRED THOMPSON
Who will take Fred's place as "second fiddle" in the orchestra—and as one of Mr. Clover's naturalists?

BILL VANCE
Wasn't this the little boy who held big offices—Vice President of the Student Body and assistant manager of "Greenback Notes"?

JOHN VINCENT
And who would think of this serious Future Farmer playing plaintive cowboy ballads?

JOYCE WARD
As a constant member of the Honor Scholarship Society, doesn't she deserve the honor of being Valedictorian?

ELIZABETH WHITSELL MURPHY
She set a precedent, didn't she, as the first bride of this Class of '36—this efficient 5th period librarian?

DOROTHY WILKIN
Didn't this little curly-headed lady of "Polished Pebbles" do a fine job as our Exchange Editor?

FLORENCE WILLIAMSON
A speedy athlete on the field, wasn't she, as well as a clever wielder of brush and pencil in the Art room?

JUNE WRIGHT
And isn't this the little girl with the cute little lisp who was the busy little editor of the *San Juan Spartan?*

CAROLYN ZIMMERMAN
Will we ever forget her long legs nimbly traversing athletic court and field and executing intricate tap dances—this capable secretary of the Girls' Block S. J.?

AGNES ZVALO
And wasn't she another collector of insects whose questions Mr. Snyder was *forced* to answer?

Juans Upon a Time . . . . . .

CLASS OF 1933

Hazel Bain—Working, Dr. Harris, Arcade
Jane Barber—Mrs. Carlyle Hillsman, S. F.
Viola Bateman—Mrs. Roy Osterli, Arcade
John Barrett—At home, Carmichael
David Belfield—J. C., Sac'to.
Joyce Behncke—Mrs. Jack Long, Auburn
Edgar Bellmer—Working at Sac'to.
Helen Brillhart—Mrs. G. Paine, Fair Oaks
Gertrude Bradley—At home, Fair Oaks
Ruth Call—Mrs. Clarence Bullard, Lincoln
Lois Chapman—Mrs. Neil Brown, Sylvan
Paul Clark—Mebius & Drescher, Sac'to.
James Cowan—Chico State College
Ellen Davis—Convention Bureau, Sac'to.
Gwen Eaton—College of Pacific
Dan Emmett—C. C. C.
Paul Fetters—S. P. Shops, Sac'to.
Mariana Field—At home, Carmichael
Ellen Fowler—At home, Fair Oaks
Margaret Frank—J. C., Sac'to.
Clarence Hall—University of Calif.
Carleen Hard—Mrs. Paul Clark, Carmichael
Catherine Holsapple—Mrs. W. Smith, Okl'd
Dave Johnson—Navy Academy, Annapolis
Nadine Jurgens—Mrs. L. Mikelsen, Roseville
Earl Kemp—University of Calif.
Grace Lenz—J. C., Sac'to.
Burnice Lyons—Mrs. A. Sandahl, Auburn
Laura MacNeill—Weinstock's, Sac'to.
Fern McCoon—Mercy Hospital, Sac'to.
Ralph McMillan—Olive plant, Fair Oaks
Lee Man—Working, Citrus Heights
William Mattinson—J. C., Sac'to.
Helen Milligan—Mrs. C. Therber, Sac'to.
Darold Moore—U. of C., Davis
Cecil Morgan—J. C., Sac'to.
Bill Morley—Pioneer Bread Co., Sac'to.
Margaret Odgers—University of Calif.
Roy Osterli—Ranching, Arcade
Rosemary Pitcher—Western School, Sac'to.
Floyd Roediger—Working, Fair Oaks
Patrick Sadleir—Ranching, Arcade
Mirian Shaub—Working, Los Angeles
Mary Shaub—Working, Los Angeles
Frank Smilanick—Farming, Carmichael
Ralph Stickler—Working, Sac'to. Bee
Viola Stout—Mrs. E. E. Snyder, Fair Oaks
Randolph Sullivan—Water Dist., Carmichael
Frances Tomich—J. C., Sac'to.
Doris Tulley—At home, Fair Oaks
Emery Wantz—Working on ranch, Galt

CLASS OF 1934

Harvy Akers—Working, Sac'to.
Robert Bailey—Eddy Bros., Orangevale
Eddie Barrett—At home, Carmichael
Ellanor Castle—J. C., Sac'to.
Bill Clover—J. C., Sac'to.
Floyd Cornett—J. C., Sac'to.
William Crane—C. C. C.
Fern Croxen—Mrs. L. Trustty, Virgilia
Harriet Davies—American Optical Co., Sac'to
Muriel Davies—Mrs. Ted Duvall, Sac'to.
Anne Dimmick—J. C., Sac'to.
Bruce Duncan—U. C., at Davis
Isabelle Eggers—At home, Arden
Rose Ehmke—Mrs. W. Doll, Roseville
James Fischer—J. C., Sac'to.
Inez Gallaher—J. C., Sac'to
Laverne Gibbons—J. C., Sac'to.
Katherine Havermann—State Bd. of Equal.
Ruby Haworth—Bible Sch., Huntington Park
LoRee Hendershot—J. C., Sac'to.
Richard Husted—Gen. Supply, Fair Oaks
Lucille Jackson—Working, Hollywood
Robert Jamison—J. C., Sac'to.
Rebecca Kennedy—Telephone Co., Sac'to.
Henry Kroeger—At home, Fair Oaks
Annie Leonard—Training, Sac'to. Co. Hospital
Fannie Leonard—J. C., Sac'to.
Bill Lewis—Bus driver for San Juan
Jack Lochelt—U. S. Navy, San Pedro

Juans Upon a Time . . . . . .

Arthur Logan—J. C., Sac'to.
Leila Mapel—J. C., Sac'to.
Nettie McGrath—Working, Fair Oaks
David Meadows—Mgr. Auto Camp, Oakdale
Virginia Minster—Western School, Sac'to.
Marian Nurse—St. Bd. of Equal., Sac'to.
Frances Osborne—Studying and playing cello
Sheila Puri—J. C., Sac'to
Annabelle Ruckh—Mrs. Bill Mattinson
Edward Scotten—Working, Citrus Heights
Eugene Smith—C. C. C.
Margaret Smith—Telephone Co., Sac'to.
Margaret Spiers—Business College, Oakland
John Tomich—J. C., Sac'to.
Kenneth Trowe—C. C. C.
Robert Vance—Chico State College
Kathryn Mae Van Maren—J. C., Sac'to.
Kathleen Vaughn—North Carolina
Betty Anne Ward—J. C., Sac'to.

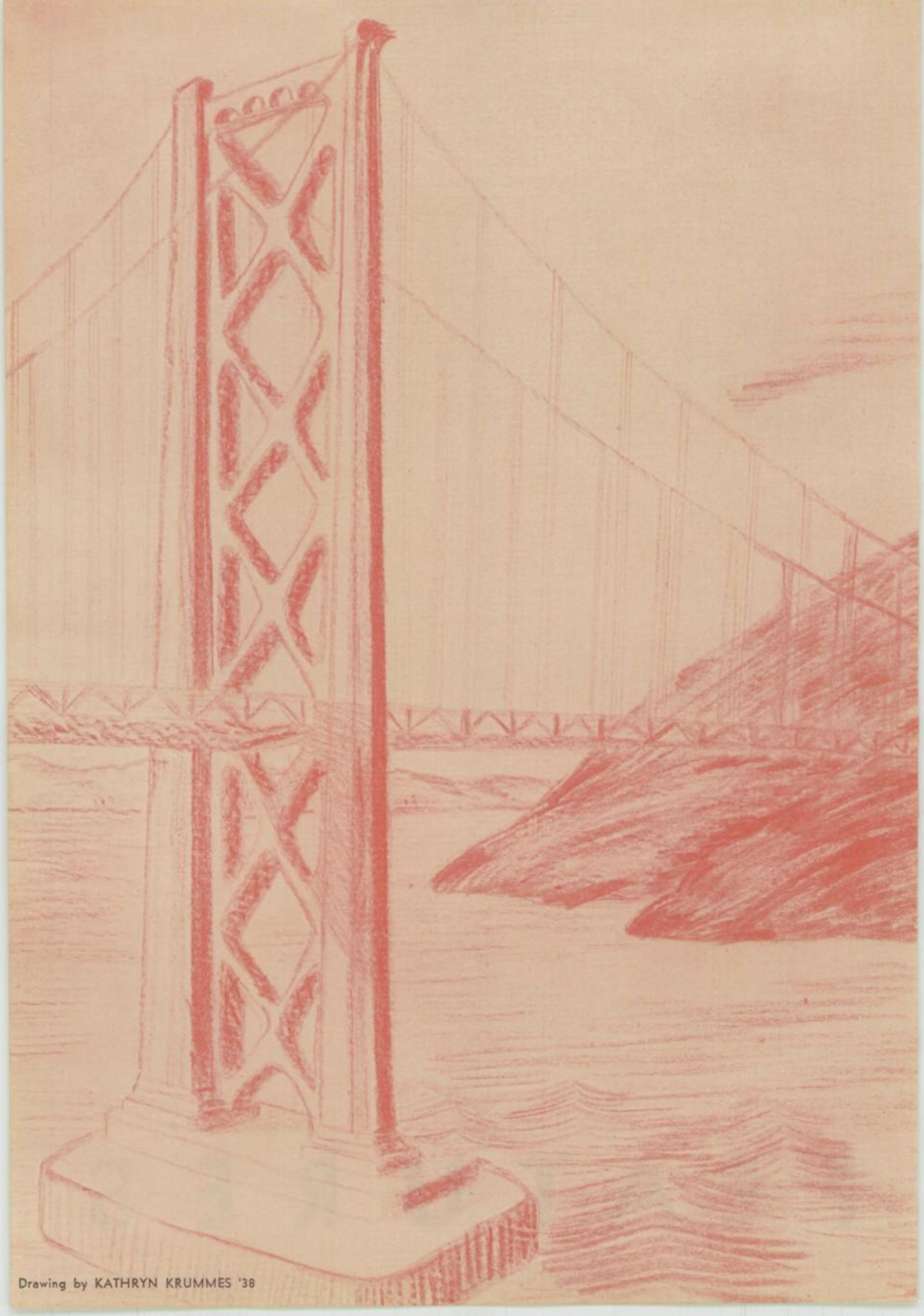
CLASS OF 1935

Haruye Arase—At home, Fair Oaks
Franklin Astle—Bus driver, Fair Oaks
Leland Baldwin—J. C., Sac'to.
Steve Baranek—Working at home
Donald Bennett—Lumber Co., Placerville
Theda Call—At home, Fair Oaks
Ollie Carey—J. C., Sac'to.
William Casten—P. G., San Juan
Richard Codman—University of Calif.
Bena Colombo—P. G., San Juan
Kenneth Copren—J. C., Sac'to.
Peggy Corkett—College of Pacific
Stillman Cortell—P. G., San Juan
John Cowan—J. C., Sac'to.
Betty Cowan—J. C., Sac'to.
Helen Davis—At home, Carmichael
Lucile Dickson—J. C., Sac'to.
Dorothy Downing—Standard School, Sac'to.
Glen Downing—Hughes' Garage, Carmichael
Desmond Eaton—U. C. at Davis
Alberta Fowler—Working at Galego
Lorene Fox—College of Pacific
Charles Gimbel—Working at home
Jack Glancy—Working in Carmichael
Irma Green—Secretary, San Juan
Leonard Hall—J. C., Sac'to.
Roy Harper—At home, Citrus Heights
Philip Harris—Working, North Sac'to.
Dorothy Harrison—J. C., Sac'to.
Robert Hauser—Gen. Supply, Fair Oaks
Richard Heath—Working, Folsom
Alwin Heim—Working, Fair Oaks
Hazel Hillyard—J. C., Sac'to.
Melba Hixson—At home, Arcade
Hattie Holland—Mrs. J. Richmond, P'ville.
Clyde Hulett—Service Station, Folsom
Louise Irwin—J. C., Sac'to.
Elna Johnson—J. C., Sac'to.
Raymond Johnson—J. C., Sac'to.
Mary Korich—At home, Arden
Joyce Lawrence—College of Pacific
Louis Logan—Working, Placerville
Dorothea Mark—Mrs. L. Lang, Comptonville
Jessie McGrath—J. C., Sac'to.
Leland McKeown—Ranching, Carmichael
Margaret Montgomery—J. C., Sac'to.
Ruth Morley—J. C., Sac'to.
Ramona Nay—J. C., Sac'to.
Howard Newell—Newell's Garage, Del Paso
Tom Norton—At home, Fair Oaks
Homer Noss—J. C., Sac'to.
Bill O'Neal—Dance orchestra, Sac'to.
Dorothy Orwig—J. C., Sac'to.
Paul Orwig—J. C., Sac'to.
Doris Osborne—Business College, Sac'to.
Cerna Owen—Training for nurse, Sac'to.
Max Reese—J. C., Sac'to.
Marjorie Rose—J. C., Sac'to.
Eleanor Rose—J. C., Sac'to.
Ruth Russell—P. G., Roseville High
Alva Saul—At home, Folsom
Lisle Selby—J. C., Sac'to.
Scott Shaw—Stanford University
Joe Smith—J. C., Sac'to.
Gertrude Stout—Bus. College, Oakland
Mary Jane Turnbull—College of Pacific
John Vance—J. C., Sac'to.
Lorene Walker—Bible School, Portland
Mary May Ward—Telephone office, Fair Oaks
James Wheat—U. C. at Davis
Ethel Williamson—Living in New York
Neil Wilson—J. C., Sac'to.

In Memoriam
VERNON RIGGINS
Class of 1933

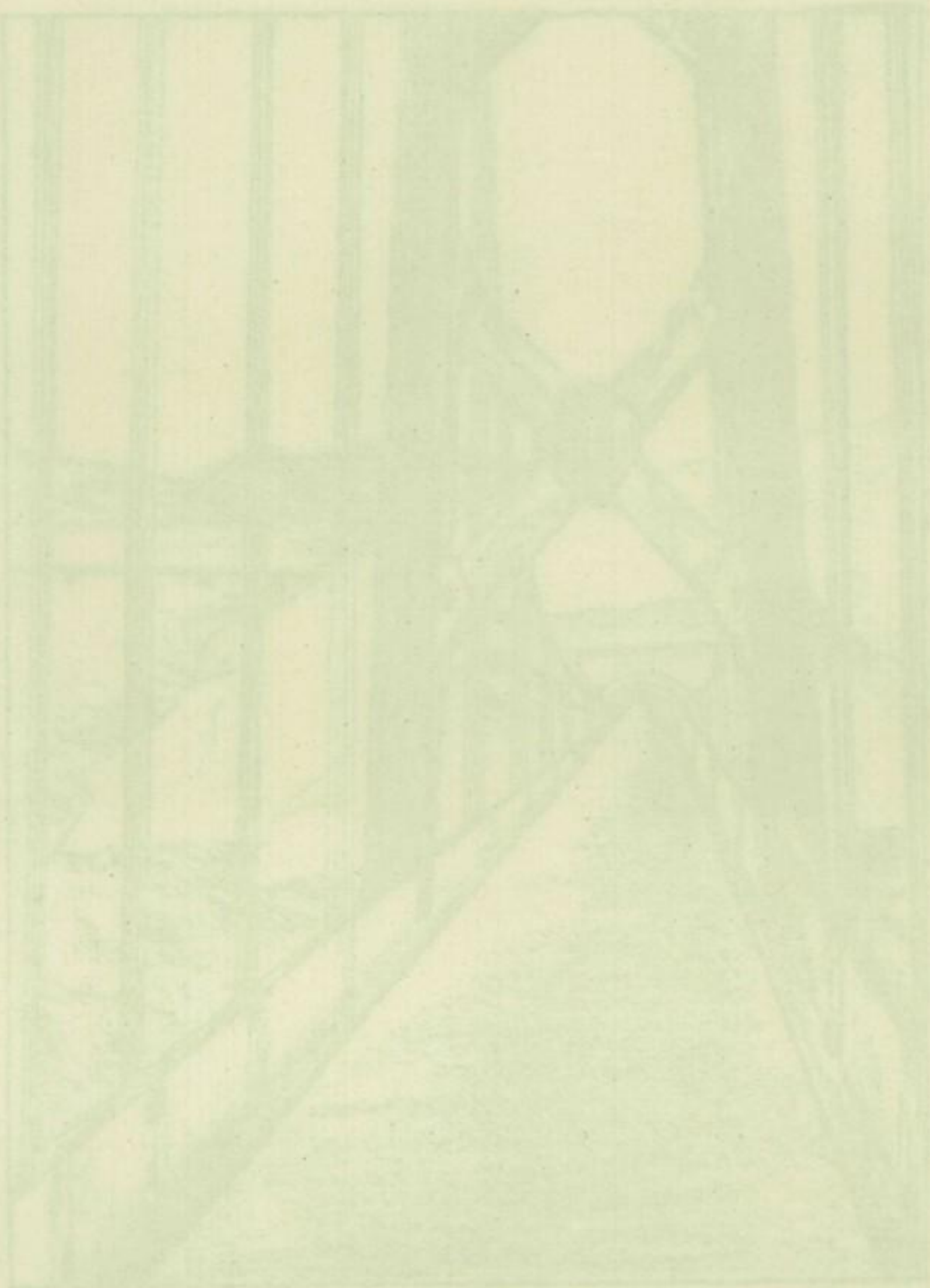
The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, which will be open to traffic in 1937, will be the greatest bridge in the world for its cost, length, quantities of steel and concrete, weight, depth and number of piers, the bore of its island tunnel, and the versatility of its engineering. With the bridging of San Francisco Bay, the largest navigable body in the world where the traffic would justify so costly a bridge, will be spanned. The San Francisco bridge will therefore stand as the largest bridge in the world for probably one thousand years. It will have two decks, each fifty-eight feet wide, one above the other. The top deck will have six lanes for automobiles and can carry twenty-four million cars a year without congestion. The lower deck has thirty-one feet of roadway for three lanes of trucks and buses, of which six million may cross annually without congestion. Along the south side of the lower deck two standard-guage railway tracks will be laid. What a convenience will be this completed bridge—what pleasure will it afford the traveling public! So it is when the serious, strenuous work of our school day is completed; we turn to the lighter, more delightful pursuits. We enjoy our leisure time by creating imaginary characters, by composing rhythmic verse, by joining in the merry laughter of our schoolmates. Let us always put our leisure time to good use—developing our own talents, giving happiness to others!

FEATURES



Drawing by KATHRYN KRUMMES '38

Honorable Mention by VIOLET HAVERMANN '36



Literary . . . . . .

HELPFUL VENGEANCE

(Prize Story)

DESPITE the fact that Roger Craighton had always been honest in his dealings, his shrewd business ability had brought him enemies. Chief among them was Gregory Stone, a sleek, tanned, rather slight young man with dark hair, and crafty dark eyes that never seemed to come to rest. He had studied civil engineering at the same time as Roger. There had never been any love between the two, but they had managed to keep from having any serious quarrels.

Graduation day came and went; they were out on their own, both specializing on bridge construction.

Stone was bidding for the construction of a bridge across the Santa Ana River. In the summer the river shrank to a thin ribbon of water barely large enough to be called a stream; in the winter, however, after a heavy rain, the water rushed down from the San Bernardino Mountains like a raging torrent, often jumping its banks and flooding the flat sandy soil of the nearby orange groves and vineyards. This, of course, would necessitate a very sturdy bridge. The County Board had decided that the best site would be at the western base of Mt. Rubidoux, which is the western boundary of the city of Riverside.

It was almost time for the contract to be given; Stone was sure he would get it, and at a nice profit, too. Going under this assumption, he immediately started out on a spending spree, borrowing money on his expensive car, from his friends, and from anyone else he could induce, planning to pay it back and have a nice sum besides, from the profits he would surely make from the construction.

Roger Craighton, having just finished a job, heard of the plans to build the bridge, and personally submitted his bid to the Board. His open manner, honest eyes, and frank boyish smile quickly won them over; he had built up some little reputation already for doing good work. The Board, after a brief discussion, gave the contract to Craighton.

Gregory Stone, upon finding that the contract had gone to his rival instead of to himself, was furious. He was ruined financially, as he had to sell nearly everything he had in order to repay his debts. Laying the blame for his misfortune to Craighton, his hatred was intensified, and he swore to avenge himself, and to ruin Craighton if possible.

Work on the bridge had started; Roger was way ahead of his schedule, and would have the bridge finished long before the specified time. Stone, however, had taken his losses too hard and had turned to drink in an endeavor to drown his sorrows, but drink merely kindled the hatred smoldering in his heart. Finally, in one of his drunken sprees, he evolved a plan by which he figured he could ruin Craighton and even the score. He would wait until the bridge was nearly completed, then dynamite the center support, and cause the entire bridge to collapse. If he waited until there was a thunder storm, applied the explosives carefully, and set them off at the opportune moment, it might never be discovered that it had been blown up. The collapse of the bridge would be laid to cheap materials and faulty construction; this would forever finish Craighton's career as a civil engineer.

After conceiving this clever, as he thought, idea, he appeared a changed man. It seemed as though he had fin-

ally gained control of himself. He no longer drank excessively, although occasionally he took a couple of "shots" to bolster up his nerve, and to fuel his hatred. On the several occasions that he chanced to meet Craighton he appeared amiable, and endeavored, to all outward appearances, to be friendly. Inwardly, however, raged a turmoil of black, sinister thoughts.

Everything was in readiness—dynamite, fuses, fuse-caps, even a bundle of burlap to muffle the explosion—there being little danger of its being discovered, as the flood waters would wash away every trace. All that was needed now was the right atmospheric conditions. Impatient as he was to launch his vengeance, he realized that the success of his plan depended on his biding his time.

Time passed, the weather held, and the bridge was nearing completion. If a storm did not come soon, he would either have to abandon his plot, or take the risk that the dynamiting would not be laid to him. There had been reports, however, of a bad storm to the north of Riverside, and if only a Santa Ana (the name given to a strong north wind in that locality) would come up, it might bring the desired storm with it.

For two days a mild Santa Ana had been blowing, gradually increasing in volume and strength; the sky was overcast, laden with the threat of impending rain. Stone's luck had changed; he could now, with but a minimum of risk, reek his revenge. By night the wind had risen to freight train velocity, blowing the heavy rain before it in raging torrents. Lightning flashed, thunder rumbled and crashed from the surrounding mountains; streets were deserted, except for an occasional car creeping blindly over the slippery, water-covered pavement. This was the time. If Stone had ordered it, he could not have picked a better storm to cover all the traces of his mission of revenge.

Parking his darkened car facing town, so that he could leave as rapidly as possible in case of an emergency, Stone blindly wallowed his way through the slush and mud, over slippery rocks, through wet, dripping branches of the heavy underbrush bordering the riverbed. Stumbling over hidden rocks and protruding roots, and falling into shallow holes filled with water, he was soon drenched to the skin. Bruised and tired, after what seemed ages he was finally guided to the bridge when the lightning intermittently showed it in bold relief, then enveloped it in utter blackness again.

Arranging the explosives carefully, he ignited the fuse and retreated to the safety of his car. Soon there was a blinding flash, and an explosion, barely audible, at even this short distance because of Nature's terrific struggle.

Climbing into his car, he jubilantly drove slowly away, leaving the lights off so that the car could not be seen by anyone chancing to look at the road. Heretofore there had been no watchman on duty at the bridge, but tonight, on account of the storm, Craighton had hired one to look after things, and to see that all the equipment remained covered, and protected from the rain.

Hearing the explosion from the other side of the river where he was sitting in Craighton's office smoking in the dark, the watchman rushed to the edge of the river just in time to see the last of the bridge crumple, and slide into

the swiftly moving water. Looking across to the road leading to town, during a brief instant as the lightning flashed, he was just in time to see a man climbing into a car.

Rushing excitedly back into the office, he called the police department, and reported what had happened. The police, hoping to catch the culprit as he entered town, sent a squad car to the west entrance to the city. Shortly afterwards, Stone, still driving without lights and believing himself free from suspicion, was picked up and taken to the station, where his wet and muddy clothes left little doubt but that he was their man. After much questioning, he confessed the crime and his motive for it.

After the storm had subsided, Craighton, who had already received orders to construct another bridge, discovered that the main support of his Santa Ana bridge had been laid upon shale foundation, and that sooner or later the water would have loosened and washed away parts of the shale. This eventually would have weakened the support and made the bridge unsafe during heavy storms, finally causing it to collapse, in turn, bringing ruin to him.

Thanking his lucky stars for Stone's rash deed, ironically so helpful to him, he started preparations anew for reconstructing the bridge.

Bill Marsh, '36.

TREACHERY ON THE BRIDGE

(Prize Story)

THE SCENE was a busy one: a bridge was reaching out its spidery arms to span another hitherto unconquered stream. The workers swarmed up and down the girders; a donkey engine groaned and puffed under the skilled fingers of Rob Wilson as he slowly swung another girder into place. The brake bands screamed in protest as they clamped about the smoking drum, but the girder slowly and evenly glided into position. A slight jerk, the smallest mistake would send the man out there on the girder plunging to his death, but he seemed to work all unconscious of the doom so close at hand. He placed his life willingly in the hands of the man at the controls. There was a slight shock as the girder bumped ever so slightly against the beam to be secured instantly by Jerry Hopkins, who a hundred times a day performed the simple task of riding up on the girder as it was swung into place and of securing it there.

A few minutes later a whistle sounded, and the workers quickly dropped their tools and filed up to the small shack to turn in their time. Jerry Hopkins and Rob Wilson were last in line.

"Say, Jerry, what would you do for a headache? I've been sick all day," said Wilson, wiping a pallid brow with his grimy hand.

"You have looked sick lately," answered Jerry soothingly. "What's the matter, old boy?"

"I don't know," muttered Rob, "Betty's been giving me the cold shoulder and—oh, I just feel sick."

"Tough luck, old man, but the time-keeper is calling to you."

"Say, Wilson," the time-keeper was saying irritably, "I overheard you saying that you were sick. You know the company can't afford to have sick men

around here. I saw how you handled the crane—pretty punk! If you don't pick up in your work, I'm afraid Hopkins will have to take your place at the cranes."

Wilson turned away, his face livid with rage and shame. "So Hopkins will take my place, will he?? By-------! We'll see about that!"

"Hopkins, you report to me if you don't like the way Wilson handles that crane", said the time-keeper in an unnecessarily loud voice.

That night, as Wilson lay tossing on his cot, his fevered brain combed over and magnified Hopkin's actions during the day—how he seemed to snicker when the time-keeper was razzing him, how he leered, so Wilson thought, when he told him that he was losing his girl. Wilson's eyes narrowed; maybe it was Hopkins that was stealing his girl. Anything seemed possible to his excited mind. Maybe Hopkins was in with the time-keeper to get the job from him. Suddenly he stopped tossing; a plan was stealing across his mind. His hands opened and closed convulsively as the plan unfolded itself.

But sleep at last stole over him: in a few minutes he was slumbering peacefully.

The next morning he appeared at work with blood-shot eyes and a flushed face. He took his accustomed place at the controls of the crane and started the machinery. Hopkins took his usual place on the hook of the crane and, as it swung out over the water, he stepped off onto the girder which the hook was bearing, to be ready to secure it as it came into place.

Wilson's mind was swimming; his breath came in gasps. Across his mind flashed the scene of yesterday, when he had been humiliated by the time-keeper. They were going to take his job! His job! He'd show them! With a jerk, he pulled the throttle wide open and jerked a lever! The engine shrilled; the cable screamed through the block; the beam tilted sharply upward. Hopkins clawed wildly at the air as the beam topped, then toppled and, with a piercing, blood-curdling shriek, plunged off into space.

Wilson looked on as if in a daze, but the scream brought him back to his senses. As he saw Hopkins' body plunging through space, saw it turning and twisting through the air, the mist lifted from his brain. He saw now how unjustly he had accused Hopkins. He saw now how foolish, childish he had been to think as he had. He realized what jealously and suspicion can do to a man. Hopkins' many little acts of friendship and words of cheer he recalled. He remembered, too, that Hopkins had been the one to get him the job on the bridge. He knew that a man could not fall that far and remain conscious when he struck the water. He had been a first class diver as a boy, but he knew he must dive now as he had never dived before! It took only a moment to slip off his heavy shoes and climb out of the seat. Then he hurled himself off into space! As he left the crane, he heard Hopkins strike the water. He gradually straightened himself till he was in a perfect diving position. He cut the water like a knife and then struggled to come up, but he seemed to keep on going down, down! At last, fighting for air, he started for the surface. His ear drums were singing, his head

was splitting; but at last he broke the water a few feet from Jerry's struggling body.

"Jerry," he spluttered, "Jerry!" There was a slight kick as Jerry started to sink once more.

Wilson, with powerful strokes, soon reached his friend's side. He grasped him by the hair, and slowly and laboriously towed him ashore. A few minutes later Wilson was pumping the water from Jerry's lungs. After what seemed hours, Hopkins groaned and rolled over.

"Are you O. K.?" asked Wilson anxiously. "Yeah, I'm all right, only a couple of busted ribs, I guess," mumbled Jerry. "You sure did a nifty job of saving me. I can't thank you enough. I must have lost my balance on that girder up there." "Yes, I guess you must have," said Wilson with a thoughtful look in his eyes, "you must have."

Milton Dimmick, '39.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS

(Honorable Mention)

The largest bridge in the world, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, spanning the largest navigable body of water, the San Francisco Bay, is built for endurance. Its giant columns rise to a lofty height and dominate the scene; the wide sweep of its powerful cables meets and holds the eye. Clear vision made this great project possible; determination and courage were necessary for its fulfillment.

The great army of laborers employed in its construction are the humble agents of this great achievement. Is it possible that their lives are ever touched or lifted out of the commonplace by their association with this giant of steel and concrete?

Let us take the case of Danny Mahone. Until he was eighteen years of age, Danny lived in Erie, Pennsylvania, with his family, which included both parents, two sisters, and a younger brother. They were Irish-Americans, warm hearted, thrifty, law abiding people. They had a normal, healthy family life — were ordinary, happy folk. Danny was his mother's favorite; the family knew that he held a special place in her heart. For a year he had belonged to a gang of neighborhood boys who indulged in occasional mischievous pranks to the disgust of Danny's father, who predicted dolefully that some day they would run "furninst" the law. The boy had a part-time job in the steel mill where his father was boss of the crew of men, but Danny cared much more for a good time with his pals than he did for his work, and this irked his father greatly.
Mrs. Mahone took Danny's part, pleading with her husband to be less severe with the boy.

Finally, his father's prophecy came true. The gang had become bolder and raided a ware-house one night. Several arrests were made. The only thing that saved Danny was the fact that he happened to be visiting relatives in Philadelphia that week.

On his return, Danny's mother took him aside. The plight of the gang had frightened her and suddenly she was anxious to get the boy away from their influence. Because she loved him so much, she urged him to leave Erie and go west. She had a small sum of money saved and insisted that he take it for a start.

The boy was bewildered at the sudden decision, but pretended to be eager to leave. He bragged a little when he said goodbye to his brothers and sisters and his father, but when he kissed his mother, she saw the tears in his eyes. She felt that she was the only person who really understood him. Secretly Danny felt a little shame, a great resentment toward his father, and pity for himself. He was still very much of a small boy. The money did not last long. He worked at odd jobs, and became one of the great army of hitchhikers. He even begged for food a few times and found that people were generally quick to respond to his youth and his wistful smile. The bitterness was beginning to wear out of him. He learned the value of money, the necessity of saving what little he could. He found the world has no use nor place for a whiner. He learned to keep out of bad company, finding that it did not pay to ally himself with wrong.

It took him a year and a half to reach the coast. When he struck San Francisco, he had little money but had acquired some dependability. As he watched the early construction work of the bridge progressing he was eager to have a hand in the steel work and hung around when crews were being signed up. He was accepted as a riveter just as he was about to despair of a chance. His crew was assigned to one of the main towers that rose over four hundred feet above the green waters of the bay. The men wore hard helmets to protect their heads from falling objects. Danny found a great pleasure in the danger and excitement of hanging aloft in a wire basket. The panorama of the hills, cities, ferry boats, and restless water he never tired of watching; this, and the steady progress of the bridge, had a healing effect on his mind. He was not regarded as a "mixer" by the crew, and they were inclined to tease him, enjoying his outbursts of Irish temper.

In April of that year, Danny's foreman had to leave, and the boy saw a former helper elevated to the place. Danny resented this; the man was one of his chief tormentors. It was hard to take orders from such a man. The foreman delighted in fanning Danny's resentment, for it gave him a feeling of superiority to "make the kid sweat". Danny grew morose and irritable; he thought of quitting. But the romance of the bridge, the bigness of it, the knowledge that he, too, was making history kept him there.

One morning the fog whistles began a steady mournful dirge before daybreak. When the crew began their shift, a dampness, like rain, lay over everything. The men had to cross over narrow steel beams, and the footing was perilous.

One misstep, and the concrete below would receive them. Danny was feeling his way slowly when the boss singled him out for one of his sarcastic gibes. Danny's fury made him careless, one foot sipped, and for a startling instant, he hung over the edge of the beam. The boss was nearest; his reaction came like the lightning movement of a camera shutter. Automatically, his arms shot out, caught Danny by one sleeve, as he threw his body backward to fall against the ropes and elevator gear.

They were safe but stunned from the near calamity. It is hard to tell what thoughts raced through their minds in that instant of terror, but whatever they

were, the slate seemed to be wiped clean. No explanations followed, but Danny accepted the fact that the boss was his friend. Their antagonism died a natural death. In fact, they became fast friends, sharing their ideal, the bridge, between them. It had become a symbol of purpose. They could not analyze the feeling, but there was in them a longing to measure up to its splendor. They were, indeed, bridge-builders.

Muriel Maddocks, '36.

A BEWILDERING BRIDGE

(Honorable Mention)

"Of all things—a bridge in my mouth?" Jimmie was puzzled and very unhappy. His thoughts were racing, but his feet were lagging as he climbed the stairs to the dentist's office. "Humph! Are people crazy?" He stopped there on the stairs, turning the absurd problem over and over in his mind, but the longer he thought about having a bridge in his mouth, the greater was his desire to turn and fly back down the stairs to—oh, just anywhere, so long as he could leave the dentist's office far behind him.

Bravely he trudged on up the stairs and there he stood a forlorn sight, before a sign which read:

DR. ETHER
PAINLESS DENTISTRY

"Of all the silly ideas—how can they construct a bridge in my mouth without any pain? I wonder? Just the same when they drive the nails in, I bet it hurts. Anyway, how can they put a bridge in my mouth? What kind of bridge will it be?" Jimmie shrugged. "O well, I'll see". With that, he dejectedly turned the knob and stepped into the spotless reception room of Dr. Ether.

No one occupied the room at this time: so he sat stiffly down on the edge of a big chair, and squirmed around and around. He filled the whole room with wierd imaginings as only a nine year old boy can do. Several moments later when Dr. Ether, Nurse Aspirin, and the grumbling old patient, who had just had a tooth extracted, entered the room through a door which read "Private", they found him sitting there staring up at the ceiling, just wondering.

Being startled by their entrance, Jimmie turned, and when he beheld the spectacle in front of him he burst into an incontrollable fit of laughter. There was the doctor very, very short and fat, with twinkling blue eyes and a little fat round stomach, looking quite absurd in his spotless white uniform. Beside him stood the nurse. How tall and prim she was, and how foolish she appeared trying to look dignified when her horn-rimmed glasses and blank expression made her look like his pet comedian. Beside the nurse—"Painless Dentistry!" Jimmie rocked with glee—the patient was holding his jaw and groaning with agony.

Not until Jimmie was in the big dentist's chair and Nurse Aspirin was saying, "Breathe deeply," did he again remember the bridge that was to be constructed in his mouth. "What kind of a bridge am I going to have?" questioned Jimmie.

Nurse Aspirin was prompt with her reply, "I don't know, but I'm sure it will be a good one—not too big and not too little. Now breathe deeply . . . .

Are you asleep?" "Huh? . . . Painless Dentistry, bah! WHO SAID IT DIDN'T HURT? Who Said It Didn't Hurt? who . . . . ?

And as he sat there in a subconscious state, he heard and felt the complete construction of the whole bridge. Nails! They must be driving a million of them into his mouth. "Ouch! There goes another one! What are they doing now? O yes, they are drilling holes for the cables". This was torture for poor little Jimmie. He imagined himself chief engineer, bossing the men around, telling them to drill deeper, deeper. This was, of course, very contrary to his conscious desires, for he was just building more pain for himself. True, indeed; but what a wonderful bridge it was going to be, according to Jimmie's ideas. The drill was burrowing into the very depths of his jawbone. "Drill deeper, fellows, but take it easy. How'd you like to have a bridge in your mouth?" Stuff was flying; but at last, the cables were anchored solidly down deep in the flesh.

"You men, get busy at the cat-walk; haul up some more wire." These were the stern orders given by the chief engineer, Jimmie.

While the orders were being fulfilled, Jimmie was suffering untold agonies. "Stop it! Quit it!" he groaned. What was going to be next? This was certainly a puzzle to him—a bridge in his mouth, painless dentistry!

The horrors and agonies of each span as it was constructed was something Jimmie would never forget. "Oh, how it hurts!" Jimmie longed to cry out; but alas, "he-men" did not cry and he was a man, was he not? Therefore, he could not even whimper. Just one more span to be constructed. O dear, they had begun hoisting up the big heavy steel bars and braces, pounding nails, sawing steel and oh, oh, pounding more nails. And the weight! "Gee, how much heavier is this bridge going to be?" Oh! at last, the finishing touches were put on, and the most wonderful bridge in the world was completed.

Jimmie was fully conscious now. He stared wonderingly about him for a moment and then he remembered the bridge. Looking into the mirror, he expected to see a magnificient construction of steel, but alas . . . "Well, for—what the heck?"

Jimmie forgot that he was a man and burst into tears, for all they had given him was a couple of little teeth placed side by side by a very *painful* dentist.

Marjorie Larson, '39.

A LESSON

(Honorable Mention)

O bridge, you stalwart construction,
How majestically you stand,
Fulfilling the cause of your erection,
Obeying your builder's command.
You weather the heat of the summer
And the winter's savage gale;
Without a move or a quiver
Your duty you never fail.
How often I've stood by your railing
And gazed at the torrent below,
That fought your 'butments so tigerish
As oceanward the currents flow.
'Tis a lesson we learn from this bridge—
To live our lives honest and square.
They bear their load uncomplainingly—
Should we so quickly despair?

Frank Duncan, '38.

Poetry . . . . . .

THE BAY BRIDGE

(Prize Poem)

A feat that rivals those of yore
Has been achieved today—
A bridge that spans from shore to shore
The San Francisco Bay.
Huge cables hold the spans in place,
Support the structures great;
While concrete caissons form its base
And bear its giant weight.
Of steel and rock its towers are made;
Their height intrigues the eye.
Beneath it, gliding calm and staid,
The ferry boats pass by.
The lower deck for trucks and trains
Is lighted well at night,
And cars speed o'er its six wide lanes
Above at lofty height.
The guardian island standing there
Is widely tunneled through.
And faith and skill and vision rare
Have made this dream come true.

—Muriel Maddocks '36

MAN'S DREAM COMES TRUE

(Honorable Mention)

What ho! A silent bay the bridge does span!
It is a work of marvelous acclaim,
A work that tells the world of wondrous fame.
There blows a salty spray across the strand
As dust that filters through a caravan.
The men that creep along the catwalk claim
There is no task that equals it the name,
Or workmanship that skillful hands can plan.
The endless chain of men moves on like ants;
They toil and sweat and still they seem not faint
Nor stop until the task is done that day.
Lo! Gaze upon the project, where it slants
All shining with a coat of silver paint—
A bridge across the San Francisco Bay.

—Charlotte Holsinger '36.

BEAUTY

There is beauty in knowing real truthfulness,
  Of knowing a life sincere;
In keeping a heart full of pure wholesomeness,
  Of holding a conscience clear;
In keeping your mind on the pure things in life,
  On the things that will pull you through;
In the working, not shirking—in real honest strife,
  As Life's great builders of bridges do.

—Constance V. Johns '39.

A REFLECTION

When I reflect upon the glorious past,
'Pon incidents which seem of great renown,
I realize how insignificant
Our great achievements on this earth can be.
Men say, 'We built a bridge across the Bay,
The greatest bridge that e'er the world hasknown.
And lo! It stands a concrete monument
To progress of the day in which we live."
But is it truly half so marvelous
As things that God has made, designed, and
built—
When from the fury of an earthquake's jar
Their great accomplishment in ruin lies?

—Thelma McKeown '36.

BRIDGE BUILDERS

All day they work so very hard
With steel and iron and lead.
They crawl along on hands and knees
Above the hammer head.
The huge and sturdy fulcrum piers
Are resting in the bay;
The heavy cables run across
And make the catwalks sway.
The architect is Mr. Strause
Who drew a perfect plan.
He brought together cities two
With one long swinging span.
The towers seem to reach the sky;
A grand feat they do tell.
The glory for the work will go
To Chief Engineer Purcell.

—Annie Mai Corbitt '36.

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

(Honorable Mention)

From rock to rocky shore your spans extend,
Suspended high above the flowing tide
From our Marin to San Francisco's side,
Across the channel's deep, dark, rocky bend.
The murky waters hesitate to send
You out athwart the dashing waves astride,
But rage against Pacific's dauntless pride;
While clouds and fog reluctant to offend
The mighty gray bulwark of iron and steel,
Find rest upon the pillar's burly head
Securely held by 'butments brawny hands.
The water swished afoam by churning wheel,
Reflecting rays of setting sun, turns red
And white upon the grainy golden sands.

—Roy Crane '36.

A BRIDGE MEDITATION

Some years ago the plan to bridge the bay
Was born in minds of men with vision clear;
And while the work progresses day by day
And the fulfillment of this plan draws near,
Let us recall the obstacles and grief
That went into this giant enterprise.
For there were woes and doubts beyond belief
That made it oft another "Bridge of Sighs";
And lives were sacrificed that we might cross
Over the span that links the East and West.
The work surged on, despite delay and loss,
The structure built to stand the "acid test";
And in our pride let us not now forget
The men whose valor aids and serves us yet.

—Muriel Maddocks '36.

LIGHTS OF THE BRIDGE

Small illumined lights shone brightly
Across an ebony sky, leading the dark-lined
Paths for the weary passers-by.
They seemed to dance with joy as happy
Children do, blinking and twinkling along,
Playing a merry game or two.
Then one shone brighter than the rest,
Making a futile fight to gain more life
As it slowly faded from the view.
An awe-filled group gazed at the scene—
Commonplace, 'tis true,
But beautiful, wonderful to behold.
They stood at the water's edge
As globes outlined the long silver bridge
That spanned across the bay.
Lights reached from San Francisco
To the dismal Oakland pier,
Making a moving picture, fantastic, weird.

—June Wright '36.

BRIDGE OF MEMORIES

Over the running, glistening stream,
Nestled within the sunshine's beam,
Spans a bridge of a by-gone day—
An old wooden bridge with memories gay.
This secret haunt of many a child,
This resting place of songsters wild,
This foot-trodden path of the busy team
Is the favored bridge of the little stream.
Although many feet have its surface worn
And into jogged splinters its timbers torn,
This little old bridge is happy and gay,
With its memories dear of the by-gone day.

—Garnette Niles '36.

Exchanges . . . . . .

Engineers require plans for building bridges; yearbooks, too, are built according to definitely constructed plans. In the case of the San Francisco Bay Bridge, the chief engineer is at the head of the construction and he has many subordinates. This is true with a yearbook, also, the editor being chief, and the staff, the subordinate builders.

While crossing this bridge, in the very near future, we may say to ourselves, "Progress is a wonderful thing; I wonder if some day we might be flying to Mars." Maybe we will. In fact, about a hundred years from now, we won't think anything of flying from New York to Paris in fifteen minutes or having a picnic at the bottom of the ocean.

On examining the exchanges of the past ten years in our yearbook library, I find many changes, many innovations. All are progressing as the years go by, fine improvements having been made in every phase of their construction. I begin to wonder what original ideas the 1936 yearbooks will bring forth; those of 1935 were so very fine.

The *Corona* from Durham is well constructed, and its "Mother Goose" theme is consistently and interestingly carried out with its clever nursery rhymes. The class will and prophecy and also the calendar are attactively done, and the mimeographing as a whole is neat work, indeed.

From Elk Grove comes the *Elk,* another good yearbook. I think the group pictures are a little crowded, but are neatly arranged. The division pages are fine, and the pictures of the custodians and trustees show true student appreciation.

A novel idea has been introduced in Auburn's annual, the *Potpourri,* by the use of photographed clay models, original work of the students, both noteworthy and artistic. Other items worthy of mention are: senior sketches, the calendar with photographic illustrations, the snaps and baby pictures, the pencil sketches, and the clever "dictionary". The pictures throughout the book are interesting and well arranged.

The *White and Gold* from Siskiyou is another book with a good foundation. The theme, "Broader Vision," is well planned throughout, and the illustrative work is very fine. The general literary section is worthy of attention. The snaps are good, and the pictures are nicely planned. This book is always a welcome addition to any collection of high school yearbooks.

In Grass Valley's neatly mimeographed annual, *Stray Leaves,* the "Gold" theme is well carried out according to seasons. The calendar is well designed, but why only half year? The snaps are clever, but are not very clear. The original sketches of the students and the variety of color in the paper used make this mimeographed book more vivid.

From Courtland comes the *La Perita* (34), also a very entertaining annual. The theme of "River Boats" is well planned throughout. The jokes are good, but are not concerned with the student activities. Maybe we could be added to the Exchange department? The calendar is designed well, and the "Delta Doings" are cleverly written up.

The *Fiat Lux* from Wheatland is another book that was found in our yearbook library. The mimeographing is neat, but the pictures are not very clear. The write-ups are good and the jokes are clever. The "Teachers' Razz" and the class will are other items of interest.

Another good book is the *Quill* from Nevada City. The theme of "Bridges" is carried out by comparing the first bridges with the Bay Bridge. The mimeographing is neat and well done. The division pages of the Bay Bridge are also good. The horoscope is artistically written up, and the pictures are clear.

The *Chipmunk* from Westwood is another annual in our library. The theme is an incentive one, with its fine pictures of our leading colleges. The mimeographing, however, is not neatly done and some of the pictures are not very clear.

The *Litaria* from Fowler is a book with many points of interest. The division pages attractively carry out the theme of "International Friendship." The pictures are clear and arranged very nicely. The cover of the book and the snaps are both interesting and clever.

Another good book is the *Shasta Daisy* from Shasta High School. The whole book throughout is very well constructed. The pictures of Mt. Shasta are attractive, and the flashlight picture of the school is very good. The pencil sketches are exceptionally fine. The write-ups are well done, and the pictures are clear and cleverly arranged.

May 1936 bring us as many more interesting exchanges!

Prognostications . . . . . .

Let us look ahead to the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred forty-six. We find our beloved instructors and advisors, Mrs. Baratini and Mr. Mooney, intently planning the second reunion of the Class of '36. These plans bring up the question as to the whereabouts of the various members of the class. We break in on their conversation. Sssh!

Mr. Mooney is speaking. . . . .

Mr. M.—"Did you see the television report of *Ray Haak* and *Raleigh Hulett* who were leisurely returning to New York from their record-breaking flight into stratosphere, and were grounded on *Joe Kageta's* exclusive Dude Ranch?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes; and when they attempted to find help, they were mistaken for trespassers by the world's heavy-weight champion, *Bob Chaix,* and were immediately rushed by *John Vincent* and *Willis Osterli,* who have joint ownership of the largest cattle ranch in the country, to the *Slight-Coldani* Emergency Hospital and are doing well under the tender, if not affectionate, care of *Norma Dickson* and *Agnes Zvalo.*"

Mr. M.—"Speaking of aviation, did you know that *Phyllis Norton,* the most famous aviatrix in history, is becoming much attracted to the wrestling champion, *Dick Hemmingsen,* and is thinking of divorcing the popular radio announcer, *Fred Edgett,* her husband of six months, to make *Dick* her seventh catch?"

Mrs. B.—"Now, now, aren't you exaggerating?"

Mr. M—"No, indeed! But did you ever see anyone bring in facts in a more thrilling fashion than *'Five Star' Sertich,* ace reporter of the 'New York Leader', edited by his fiancee, *June Wright?*"

Mrs. B—"He is excellent! It was marvelous how he handled his story of that big Broadway robbery! That involved quite a few members of our Class of '36, too, did it not? There were *Charles Krause, John Smilanick, Irving Frates, Estelle Reber,* and also *Carolyn Zimmerman,* the accomplished calculist."

Mr. M.—"And thanks to that ace lawyer, *Bill Marsh,* the guilty were apprehended."

Mrs. B.—"I'm sure this reunion will be a thrilling success; but, of course, there will be some who will be unable to attend. *Bill Vance,* the renowned bookkeeper of foreign trade, and his capable secretary, *Barbara Pefley,* have not returned from their recent trip to China; and so it is with *John Prochaska* and *Beatrice Johns,* who, teamed with *Burk Broadley* and *Phyllis Croxen,* are known the world over as the most outstanding musicians of the day, and are touring Europe."

Mr. M.—"You know, it is a wonderful thing how many of the graduates of the Class of '36 have reached renown—why, *Hazel Fraser* is the reincarnation of Michael Angelo."

Mrs. B.—"We have no cause to wonder why the San Juan of today is such a success, when we stop to consider that the faculty is largely made up of alumni of that famous class. To enumerate, there is *Muriel Maddocks* who not only teaches French and German, but is reviving, again, very assuredly, that ancient Roman language, so long since dead. Also, we must not forget our dramatics teacher, *Gretchen Smith;* our gym teacher, *Dorothy Hard;* and *Annie Mai Corbitt,* our fine commercial teacher."

Mr. M.—"But you have mentioned only the fairer sex. You certainly must not forget our great mechanic, *Isamu Arase,* and *Coach Smallwood.* Why, even our Principal, *Robert Raymond,* graduated with this celebrated class."

Mrs. B. — "Do you remember when

Prognostications . . . . . .

Florence Williamson and *Joyce Ward*, the leading dress designers of all Paree, flew over here with *LaVerne Dillard*, on the first trans-oceanic flight of his latest streamlined plane with the silent motor? They were grounded and barely missed destroying the results of five years' geological research of the renowned *Jack Gysbers, James Beemer*, and *Val Lenz*."

Mr. M.—"It was lucky for them, too, that the capable airplane mechanic, *Francis Gimbel* was near at hand; and thanks to *Doctor Elizabeth Whitsell Murphy*, and her nurses, *Josephine Barrett, Irise Lopez*, and *Edna Stanfield*, there were no serious results."

Mrs. B.—"Wasn't it just about that same time that those two brave government rangers, *Roy Crane* and *Elmer Baker*, showed such foresight and courage in the big forest fire in Montana?"

Mr. M.—"Yes, but it was the new discovery of the great chemist, *Barney Johnson*, that has taken most of the real danger out of big fires like that."

Mrs. B.—"Speaking of big things, do you realize it was *Kenneth Skidmore* who had charge of that big Central Valley Project; and also there were *Esther Lohse, Dorothy Dickson, Marion Johnston*, yes, and *Laura Rettig* holding prominent positions on the same project."

Mr. M.—"By the way, what became of *Dorothy Wilkin?*"

Mrs. B.—"Oh, don't you remember? She and *'Rusty' Clark* were married by *Reverend Jim Patterson. Mildred Carroll* and *Dorothy Goddard*, the famous cosmeticians, were telling me how thrilled she was when they were putting on the finishing touches just before the great event. Her bridesmaids were those prominent members of the commercial world, *Anne Campoy, Ariel Peugh, Charlotte Holsinger*, and *Thelma McKeown*."

Mr. M.—"O yes; and wasn't the famous Hollywood director, *Kenneth Brown*, the best man?"

Mrs. B.—"He was. And while they were on their honeymoon, those two experienced interior decorators, *Garnette Niles* and *Violet Havermann*, arranged the cleverest little cottage for them."

Mr. M.—"If I remember right, is it not situated on a large cattle ranch?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, it is."

Mr. M.—"And isn't *'Rusty'* planning on working with *Tommy Mapel*, the famous vetenarian?"

Mrs. B.—"That is what I've been told."

Mr. M.—"By the way, where did they go on their honeymoon?"

Mrs. B.—"Well, they set out across the country with that speed demon of the race track, *Fred Thompson*, and were planning on taking a cruise around the world on *Captain Jack Stansfield's* private yacht. I was told, however, that it took all the services of the famous lawyer, *Charlie Bartells*, and his assistant, *Randal Ovren*, to straighten out all the traffic violations they committed on the way."

Mr. M.—"We are certainly going to be with an interesting group at our reunion."

Mrs. B.—"You are right, indeed; I can hardly wait until Saturday. I'll see you then at the new Floating Roof Garden of the Hotel Senator, prepared for the greatest event and one of the most thrilling evenings in our lives as Senior Advisors at dear old San Juan."

"\ . . . . . There's a Way!"

LIKE the builders of bridges we, the Class of 1936, have begun the erection of a new structure by bestowing upon our friends our abilities, traits, etc., and we sincerely hope our plan has not been drawn in vain.

We bestow, to-wit:

I, Agnes Zvalo, with good intentions, my intelligent Civic questions to Chris Dundee.
I, Carolyn Zimmerman, *my abundant pep to* Bessie Lucas.
I, June Wright, my cute lisp to Madge Call.
I, Florence Williamson, my "I don't care" attitude to Phoebe Howard.
I, Dorothy Wilkin, my excellent reputation to sister Edith.
I, Joyce Ward, my "A's" to George Hauser.
I, John Vincent, my "young man's fancy" spirit to Kenneth Manhart.
We, Bill Vance and Robert Raymond, our combined height to John Bain.
I, Fred Thompson, my adventurous mind to Wayne Mulch.
I, Jack Stansfield, my James Cagney expressions to Lowell Smiley.
I, Edna Stanfield, my swinging stride to Jeanne Wartell.
I, Gretchen Smith, my emotional impulses to Katherine Baranek.
I, John Smilanick, my moments of solitude to Dave Duncan.
I, W. C. Smallwood, my manly physique to Paul Blunk.
I, La Verne Slight, my perfect figure to Ida Mae Shumate.
We, Kenneth Skidmore and Val Lenz, will sell our Chemistry notebooks to the highest bidders.
I, John Sertich, my grin to Eugene Tarvis. (Handle it with care!)
I, Estelle Reber, my fondness for reptiles Vera Graham.
I, Laura Rettig, my pleasing personality to Evelyn Doll.
I, John Prochaska, my skill with the trumpet to Billie Barber.
I, Ariel Peugh, my athletic ability to Dottie Graves.
I, Barbara Pefley, my flashing eyes and irresistible dimples to Sheila Sadleir.
I, Jim Patterson, my ever-increasing vocabulary to Donald Clover.
I, Randal Ovren, my politeness to Dick Hinze.
I, Willis Osterli, my interest in the agricultural field to Jack Smith.
We, *Garnette Niles and Violet Havermann, our excellent tempers to* Wilma Gum and Lena Giusti.
I, Phyllis Norton, hesitatingly leave Donald McKeown in the care of Freda Hauser.
We, Elizabeth Whitsell Murphy, Irise Lopez, and Charlotte Holsinger, our vamping methods to Eleanor Tomich, April Orsi, and Margaret Studt.
I, Bill Marsh, *my feminine appeal to* Robert Smith.
I, Tommy Mapel, my car to none other than myself.
I, Muriel Maddocks, this outstanding Yearbook to you all.
I, Thelma McKeown, my modulated voice to Tillie Hauptman.
I, Esther Lohse, my desire to write a book to Betty Gibbons.
I, Charles Krause, my school spirit to my sister, Leora.
I, Joe Kageta, my swiftness to Howard Crane.
I, Marion Johnston, my executive ability to Mike Zahara.
I, Barney Johnson, my speed in solving Physics problems to Bernard Green.
I, Beatrice Johns, my social standing to Mozelle Pletcher.
I, Raleigh Hulett, my solemn gaze to Bill Behncke.
I, Dick Hemmingsen, my position as the school's menace to anyone who has the qualifications for it.
I, Ray Haak, my laugh to any Freshman.
I, Dorothy Hard, my sparkling teeth to no one.
I, Jack Gysbers, my angelic countenance to Gordon Call.
I, Howard Greenhalgh, my eye lashes to Stanley Horton.
I, Dorothy Goddard, my look of boredom to Gladys Harper.
I, Francis Gimbel, my English compositions to Enid Boles.
I, Hazel Fraser, my drawings to the Art classes.
I, Irving Frates, my ambition to grow up to Billy Muns.
I, Frederick Edgett, my long arms to Lee Peck.
I, La Verne Dillard, my ability to cause many tempers to flare to J. P. Fulkerson.
I, Norma Dickson, my prowess in Latin to Phyllis Shultz.
I, Dorothy Dickson, *my brown eyes to someone in need of them.*
I, Phyllis Croxen, my best smile to Kathleen Cook.
I, Roy Crane, my well-trained monotone voice to Douglas Van Maren.
I, Annie Mai Corbitt, my shyness to Margaret Gimbel.
I, Justin Clark, my bus driving ability to Frances Anderson.
I, Robert Chaix, my touchdowns in football to John Ireland.
I, Mildred Carroll, the twinkle in my eyes to Viola Courtney.
I, Anne Campoy, my infrequent outbursts to Shirley Bolles.
I, Kenneth Brown, my position as the school's jester to Bennie Stassi.
I, Burk Broadley, my method of selling tickets to Richard Pefley.
I, James Beemer, my knowledge concerning Russia to absolutely no one.
I, Charles Bartells, my position of Yell Leader to Jack Wild.
I, Josephine Barrett, my colorful high school career to the school's history.
I, Elmer Baker, my inquisitive nature to Ronald Thomas.
I, Isamu Arase, my amazing calmness to Walter Martin.

SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED
CLASS OF 1936

. . . . . On the Cat-Walk

Do you think our "Bridge of San Juan"
Is always a "Bridge of Sighs"?
Well, just glance at the following
"spinnings"—
They will surely "set you wise".

SIGHTS ON REGISTRATION DAY

The Freshman, *Teddy Greenhalgh,* who doesn't know what to do or why.
The Sophomore, *Kenneth Bonham,* can at least feel superior to someone.
The puzzled Junior, *Harry Arend,* who is too proud to ask for information.
The Senior, *Tom Mapel,* who discovers that he must take eight more subjects in order to graduate.

WHAT EVERY TEACHER HEARS—ALIBIS

Carolyn Zimmerman: "But, Miss Imes, I dropped my books and all the papers fell out and the wind blew my assignment away—"
Bill Behncke: "But, Miss Spiers, the reason I haven't my assignment is—well, my mother was cleaning house and thought my homework was some old paper and burned it up—"
Jo Barrett: "But, Mr. Snyder, I put all my books in Zimmy's locker and she's sick today and—"

WHAT EVERY TEACHER SEES

"Last minute" *Graves*—Dottie never fails to slide into her seat just as the last bell rings.
Tempermental *Gretchen Smith* — she has the good old Irish temper.
Carolyn Zimmerman chewing gum—she proves that there is such a thing as perpetual motion.

WHAT WE ALL SEE AT A SCHOOL PLAY

The adoring mother whose son plays the role of "sound effects"—off stage.
The fellow whose girl is the heroine, with his rival as the hero.
The "critic" who never tries out for a part—but who knows *he* could have done much better.

COACH PAINE'S "PESTS OF THE LOCKER ROOM"

Shiek *Smiley* who "hogs" the mirror.
Prankster *Dundee* who swipes the towels.
Bright boy *Schultz* who ties your socks in knots.
Pesty *Rowland* who is eternally "snapping" towels.

WHAT HE HAS ON EVERY FOOTBALL TEAM

The "egg" who knows more than the coach.
The fellow who is always late.
The guy who never remembers the plays.
The "bench-warmer."
(We'll let you guess who they are.)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Lowell Smiley: "I didn't go to the Ball because I didn't know *which* girl to take."
Rucker Harrison: "But, Mr. Mooney, I had to go to the doctor's again yesterday; I'll bring my excuse tomorrow."
Kenneth Manhart: "Here's my excuse for the last four days—I missed the bus."
Phyllis Norton: "If I'd studied for that test I'd have gotten an A, I bet."
Vernon Cable: "If the teacher didn't have 'it in for me,' I'd get a better grade."
Freda Hauser: "And, gee! that test seemed so easy—"
W. C. Smallwood: "We'd have won that game, if the other team hadn't more practice than ours—"

SEEN AT THE SCHOOL DANCES

Bashful *Burk Broadley*—standing in the corner, for fear some damsel will lure him onto the dance floor.
Mr. Lawrence—tripping the light fantastic. Why all the rush to see Fred Astaire?
Beatrice Johns—forever "ditching" the fellows.

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S.J.H.S.
6/27/36

Dear Frances,
Here's hoping you have a happy summer and return to S.J. next year.
your friend,
Mabel Bateman

Dear Francis:
Here's hoping you
Juan merry year.
Sincerely,
Ellis Hampton.

Best wishes for all that life can bring you. We have missed the phy pride from the smiles, laughter & lighted up the Red Ranch Valley. We will be glad to see you return, if you do. If not, may all our best wishes go with you.
R. Thawley

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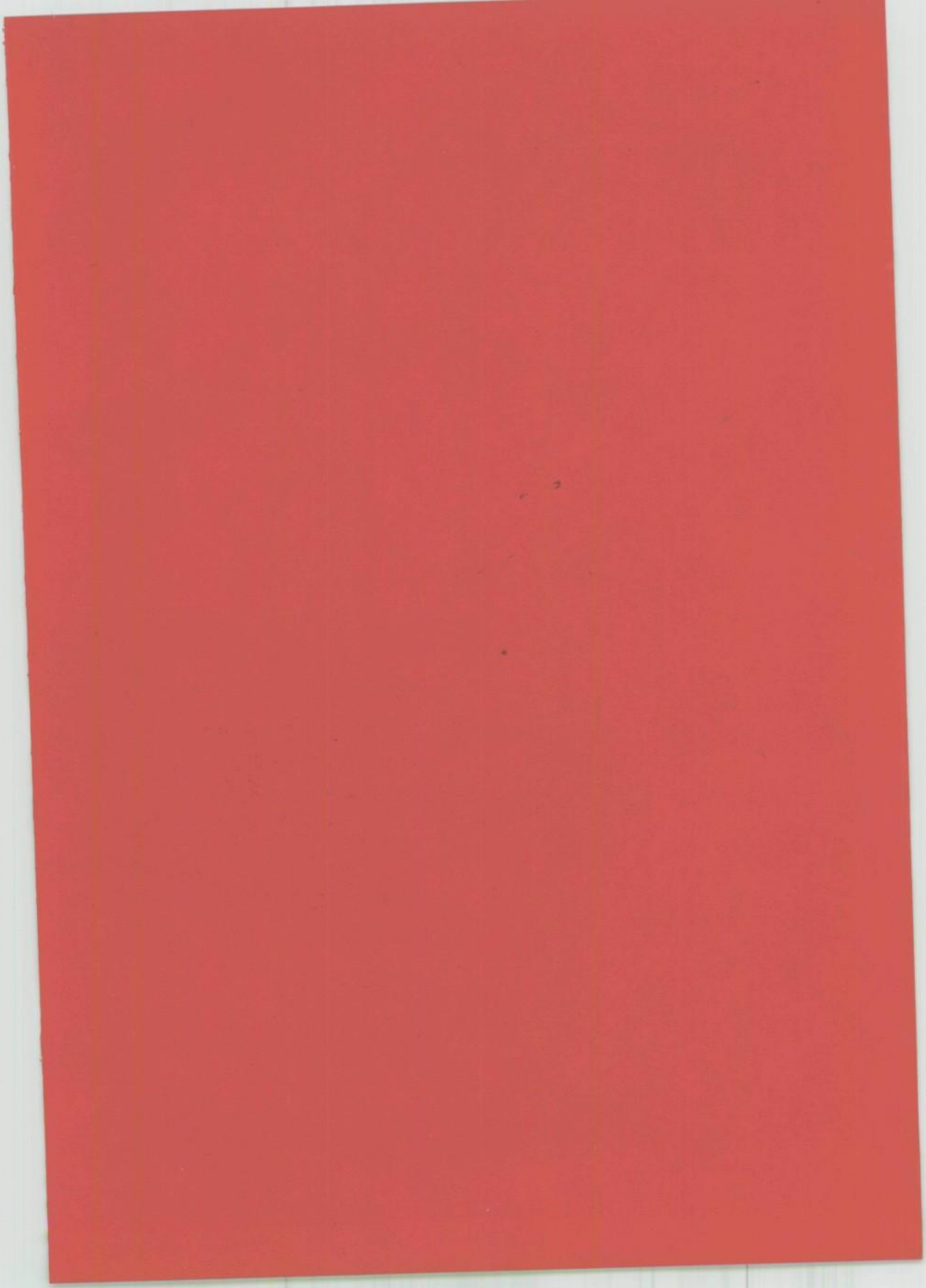

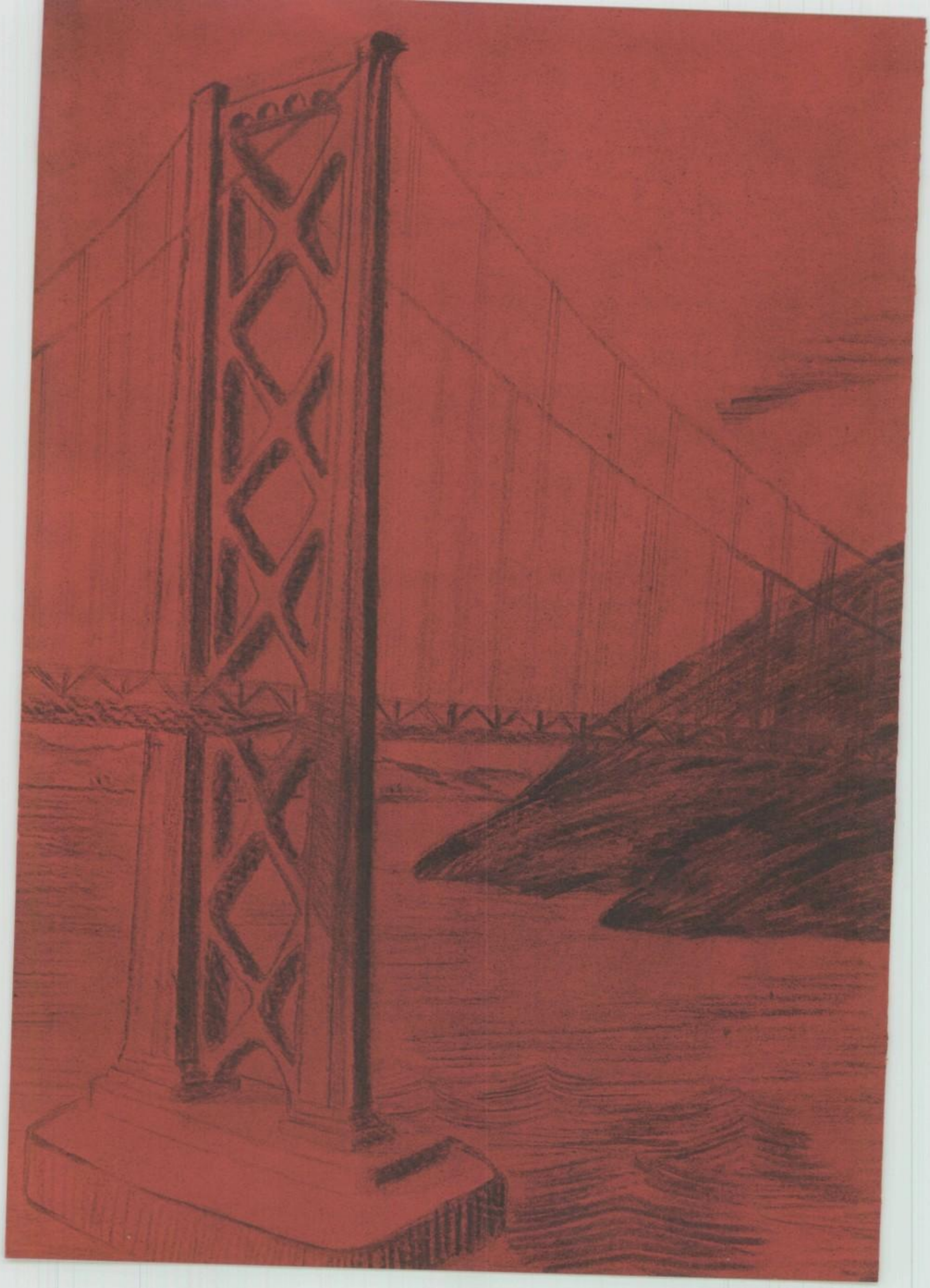

THE BAY BRIDGE

My mighty body connects two great cities of the Pacific.
Like a garland is the huge cable that swings from my
lofty shoulders;
The pulse of humanity stirs my hardened arteries,
My arms stretch aloft to the western skies,
My feet are planted firmly in the rocky depths of the sea,
My great thighs are the resting place of the snowy gull,
Over my bosom flows the constant stream of motive Man,
Yet I never tire;
My heart is flint,
My ribs are hammered steel.
I am the Spirt of Progress,
I am Vision,
I am the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

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